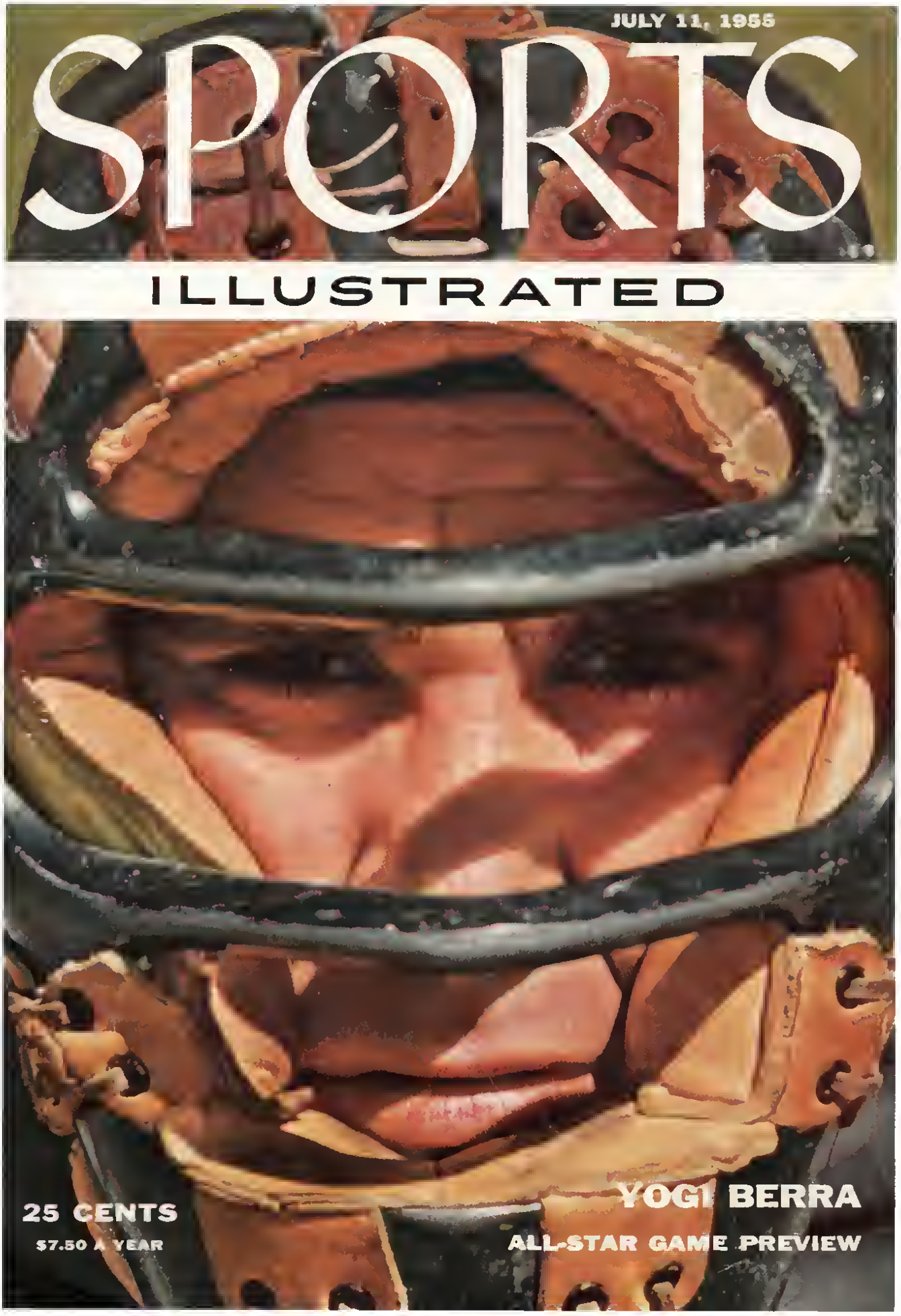
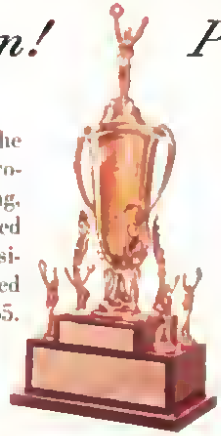

JULY 11, 1955
SPORTS
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YOGI BERRA
ALL-STAR GAME PREVIEW



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TRADEMARKS OF P

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

BILL TALBERT's article in this issue on the championships at Wimbledon emphasizes again that reporting the world of sport means also reporting the sport of the world. And this, in turn, means travel.

Sport and travel have a way of going together, I think everyone will agree, whether it's only a few miles to your home golf course or across half the globe for an African safari. This certainly holds for many of SI's writers; and perhaps you will be interested in where in the world some of them have lately been.



Talbert, of course, is just back from England, readying the Davis Cup team he captains for another trip he'll take in August to Forest Hills, a short subway ride from here. John Bentley is in the middle of his European tour, an eyewitness to the summer's quick succession of *grand prix* races. (Next week he reports the race at Rheims.) And Herb Wind no sooner left England and the Walker Cup matches than he crossed the continent for the U.S. Open.



While travel to the major and far-flung events at home and abroad is a week-by-week part of the job of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, some of the traveling represents the kind of exploration into foreign areas which serves primarily to give background and scope to the world of sport. So it happens that farthest from home last month was Coles Phinizy, visiting Australia with an eye on next year's Olympics. Meanwhile Horace Sutton cruised the Greek Islands for a view of this fast-growing yachting center and exciting new vacationland.



Abroad, SI has the additional advantage of being able to call upon the resources of TIME Inc.'s 15 overseas news bureaus. In our Aug. 15 issue, for instance, Madrid Bureau Chief Tom Dozier writes a closeup of Juan Belmonte, the bullfighter who revolutionized the sport early in this century.



Finally I should mention the many free-lance writers everywhere who have been enthusiastic about writing for SI. One of these is David Mayer, SI's first man to get into Russia, who is in Moscow for the U.S.-Russia chess matches, which end this week. Barring a Russian checkmate, Mayer will naturally be looking for other stories on Russian sports.

From Wimbledon to Australia to Moscow to next week's All-Star game in Milwaukee– it adds up to a lot of travel for SI's writers all over the wonderful world of sport.

Harry Phillips

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California's Squaw Valley, well-known to ski enthusiasts, was recently selected as the site for the 1960 winter Olympics. Alexander Cushing, who made it possible, pauses for a word portrait by DAVID HULBURD

35 **HAPPY KNOLL RUNS A DEFICIT**
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36 **A GREAT NEW TROUT IS BORN**
In Canada this summer fly-fishermen are going after an exciting new trout, the wendigo. GILBERT PAUST *explains how it was crossbred from the famous brook and lake trout and combines some of the best features of each*

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COVER: YOGI BERRA
Photograph by Mark Kauffman

When the man in the iron mask on this week's cover first arrived in the big leagues, he was a clumsy catcher who couldn't throw and a hitter with power but a predilection for swinging at pitches out of the reach of mortal man. It was, in fact, quite debatable whether he would last very long. The debate is now over. When the 1955 All-Star Game begins, the starting American League catcher, for the sixth straight year, will be Mr. Lawrence Berra, the current Pride of the Yankees. A preview of this baseball classic by Red Smith, with four pages of pictures in color plus the starting line-ups, begins on page 50.

Acknowledgments on page 64

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HOW MY DAUGHTER BECAME A SWIMMING CHAMPION

Hamilton Mann tells an inspiring and sometimes harrowing story of Shelley's rise to fame

AT HOME WITH SWAPS IN CALIFORNIA

Kentucky was never like this. A report by James Murray with photographs in color by Robert Landry

RACE WEEK COMES TO LARCHMONT

Long Island Sound's great yachting festival, photographed in color by Margaret Bourke-White

SCOREBOARD — A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Jacqueline Auriol**, attractive, daring Frenchwoman who recently was grounded because "you have flown too low, too fast, have taken too many risks," took one more chance, pushed her French Mystere IV turbo-jet fighter plane at unofficial 683 mph over Melun Airfield, south of Paris, once again broke Jacqueline Cochran's world speed record for women. ● **Pentti Karvonen**, durable Finn, covered grueling 3,000-meter steeplechase in 8:47.8 in international meet at Helsinki, bettered accepted world mark of 8:49.6 established by Hungary's Sandor Rosznyoi in European Games last year. ● **Russell Wright**, daredevil Invercargill builder, roared his expensive 1,000-cc Vinrent Black Lightning machine at breakneck 184.7 mph average speed over timed kilometer on lonely country road near Christchurch, New Zealand to set motorcycle world speed record. ● **Robert Burns**, Scottish-born racer driving Vinrent Black Lightning fitted with sidecar and streamlined shell, zipped along at 161 mph over same New Zealand course, surpassed own world standard by six mph.

TENNIS

Tony Trabert, strong-armed, sandy-haired young U.S. Davis Cupper from Cincinnati, made good use of big serve and powerful ground strokes to polish off Denmark's blond Kurt Nielsen 6-3, 7-5, 6-1 in final after blasting transplanted American Budge Patty 8-6, 6-2, 6-2 in semifinal, romped through All-England tournament without loss of single set to walk off with first Wimbledon singles championship and earn ranking as world's No. 1 player (*see page 21*).

Louise Brough, talented Beverly Hills, Calif. shotmaker, had to call upon all her vast experience, wide variety of shots to break up rhythm of pert, pretty Beverly Baker Fleitz, ambidextrous swinger from Long Beach, Calif., finally succeeded, won hard-fought 7-5, 8-6 match for her fourth Wimbledon singles title (*see page 18*).

Vic Seixas of Philadelphia, still suffering from ailing shoulder, teamed with **Doris Hart** of Coral Gables, Fla. to turn back Miss Brough and Enrique Morea of Argentina 8-6, 2-6, 6-3 in mixed doubles, gave U.S. third crown.

Lew Hoad and **Rex Hartwig**, reported to be Australia's best bet for Davis Cup doubles, beat countrymen Ken Rosewall and Neale Fraser 7-5, 6-4, 6-3 in men's doubles; Britain's **Angela Mortimer** and **Ann Shillock** defeated Pat Ward and Shirley Bloomer 7-5, 6-1, gave England first women's doubles title since 1936.

BASEBALL

Pittsburgh Pirates, low man on National League totem pole, lived it up last week, plastered three straight defeats on Brooklyn Dodgers 3-2, 7-6, 7-5 before bowing 3-1 when **Gil Hodges** blasted three-run homer to burst Pirate bubble. **Dodgers** missed slugging Catcher **Roy Campanella**, out with knee injury (*see page 49*), but whipped New York Giants two out of three earlier in week and still held 11½-game edge over second-place Chicago Cubs as season moved nearer halfway point.

Cubs dropped pair to **Milwaukee**, lost second place for day but came back to knock over skidding St. Louis Cardinals in three out of four, regaining runner-up spot while Braves ran into trouble in **Cincinnati**. **Charley Grimm's** team was shelled 14-2, 10-5 before winning 7-3 as up-and-coming **Redlegs**, helped by big **Ted Kluszewski's** 24th, 25th and 26th home runs, ousted New York Giants from fourth place. **Giants** beat Philadelphia 6-1, 4-3 for **Sal Maglie** and **Ruben Gomez** after losing opener 9-3 to busky **Robin Roberts**, were hopeful of moving back into first division as **Willie Mays** came out of slump.

New York Yankees made time against American League tailenders, belted hapless Baltimore 9-2, 7-3, then routed Washington 7-2, 12-0 before losing 5-0 decision to **Senators' Johnny Schmitz**.

Chicago White Sox had rough going, lost three in row to surging **Detroit Tigers**, who then proceeded to get drubbed by **Kansas City** four straight. Chicago was stopped by **Early Wynn** in 1-0 game, came back to edge Indians 2-1 as **Jack Harshman** outpitched touted Rookie Herb Score. Third game was slugfest won by **Cleveland** 14-9, putting White Sox 6½ games behind Yankees and only half game ahead of Indians.

Boston Red Sox moved into fourth place ahead of Detroit when two victories from Pitcher **Frank Sullivan** helped them take six out of seven from Washington and Baltimore, the latter stretching its losing streak to 12 straight.

HORSE RACING

Parlo, swift-pared 4-year-old Foxcatcher Farm filly, was held in check by **Eric Guerin** until final turn, then stormed into lead with brilliant burst of speed to drive across finish line first by three lengths in 2:02⅖, breaking record for mile-and-quarter $151,500 Delaware Handicap, world's richest rare for fillies and mares, at Delaware Park.

Nashua, Belair Stud's powerful 3-year-old bay, played hide-and-seek with old rival Saratoga, stayed within easy reach for first mile before taking off when **Eddie Arcaro** went to whip, romped home five lengths ahead of runner-up, 45 in front of fading Mainlander in betless three-horse $55,300 Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct, N.Y. Victory was worth $37,200 to sleek **Nashua**, pushed two-season earnings to $690,890.

Doubledogdare, nearly left at post, had to go to outside to catch fast-breaking field but made it neatly to score easy three-length win in $27,950 Colleen Stakes at Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.

Countess Fleet, flashy daughter of famed **Count Fleet**, closed out racing career in spectacular fashion at Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif., racing mile and eighth in rousing 1:47 3/5 for new track record while winning $28,000 Vanity Handicap.

Miss Todd, speedy 2-year-old filly, grabbed early lead, eagerly sprinted away from rivals to equal world record of :57 flat for five furlongs in $24,100 Cinderella Stakes at Hollywood Park.

ROWING

Penn's smooth-stroking heavyweight crew, beaten only by Cornell in U.S. competition, got off to good start, turned on tremendous power to stay in front of unheralded Vancouver Rowing Club, who scored popular surprise victory over Russians in preliminary, packed away coveted Grand Challenge Cup in historic Royal Henley Regatta at Henley-on-Thames, England. **MIT** lightweights sneaked past London Rowing Club in semifinal, outlasted husky Royal Air Force strokers in final to win Thames Challenge Cup for second straight year for only other American win. Silent **Russians**, shut out in two big races, gained some solace from triumphs in Stewards Challenge Cup, Silver Goblets and double sculls.

BOXING

Wallace (Bud) **Smith**, lightly regarded Cincinnati challenger, chalked up valuable points with jolting left hooks, slashed open cuts over both Jimmy Carter's eyes to win bloody 15-round split decision and lightweight championship before slim crowd of 1,983 at Boston (*see page 41*).

Willie Pastrano, fast-moving 19-year-old New Orleans light heavyweight, led flabby, ring-weary Joey Maxim merry chase in early rounds, scored frequently with combinations to body and head, grabbed 10-round decision at New Orleans.

Tommy (Hurricane) **Jackson**, who breezed in and out of heavyweight picture last year, slapped and flailed away at backpedaling, weaving Jimmy Slade to win 10-rounder in New York (*see page 9*).

Rocky Marciano agreed to defend heavyweight championship against aged but able **Archie Moore**, Sept. 20 at New York's Yankee Stadium, ending latter's year-long crusade for shot at title. Promoter **Jim Norris** predicted gate of $750,000 at $40 ringside top, estimated theater TV take at $250,000, announced pair would be rematched if Moore wins.

CHESS

Samuel Reshevsky of New York, America's No. 1 chessman, amazed world by drawing two games, winning one from Russia's world champion, Mikhail Botvinnik, but **Soviet** moved to 13-4 lead over U.S. in match at Moscow.

GOLF

Dow Finsterwald, 25-year-old Air Force veteran from Bedford Heights, Ohio, calmly carved out early rounds of 67, 68 and 65 to take lead while name players faltered, zoomed to 70 on last 18 but still edged slender Bud Holscher of Apple Valley, Calif. 270 to 271 to win British Columbia Open and $2,400 at Vancouver. **Sam Snead**, **Mike Souchak** and **Bob Rosburg** tied for third at 274.

Fay Crocker, wily Uruguayan pro, used her head and slick stroking in clutch to

outsmart rough, shifting prairie winds, shot 74 for final 18 holes to beat off late challenges by Mary Lena Faulk and Louise Suggs, posted 299 to win $7,500 women's U.S. Open by four strokes at Wichita, Kans.

TRACK AND FIELD

Bob Richards, long-legged Long Beach, Calif. preacher, left his pulpit long enough to win national AAU decathlon title for third time in two-day competition at Crawfordsville, Ind. Olympic Champion **Richards** won only one event, soaring 14 feet 10¼ inches to take pole vault, but piled up 6,873 points while powerful Bob Lawson, 20-year-old USC freshman who led at halfway mark, was second with 6,501, barely beating out Duke's versatile Joel Shankle.

Chris Chataway, who recently became one of five men to break four minutes for mile, took aim at John Landy's 3:58 world record in Army meet at Aldershot, England but had to be satisfied with 4:00.8 clocking when competition failed to press him.

SAILING

Carina, 53-foot yawl owned and captained by bearded **Richard S. Nye**, Greenwich, Conn. financial consultant, and manned by young crew that spent its leisure time reading *Cruising Cookery Book*, battled 70-mph mid-Atlantic gale, 25-foot waves and broken toilet, was first to sail into ancient Viking town of Marstrand on West Swedish coast, three hours ahead of 56-foot Swedish-built American-owned **Circe** in 3,450-mile Lipton Cup ocean race that started in Newport, R.I., June 11.

HARNESS RACING

Adios Boy, 4-year-old Virginia pacer beaten by half-brother **Adios Harry** in two previous races, gave long-shot bettors good payday (6 to 1) when he drove to one-length victory over Philip Scott in $25,000 National Pacing Derby at Roosevelt Raceway, Westhury, N.Y.

FLYING

Lt. Col. James A. Poston of Columbus, Ohio, crew-cut Air National Guardsman flying F84E jet fighter, streaked 1,945 miles from Ontario, Calif. to Detroit's International Air Exposition at estimated 546.505 mph, was clocked in 3:32.30.4, with corrected time of 2:57.14, to win Ricks Memorial Trophy race and hug from Actress **Anne Francis**.

MILEPOSTS

RETIRED—**Sir Norman Brookes**, 78, patriarch of Australian tennis, two-time Wimbledon champion in 1907 and '14, longtime Davis Cup star, one of world's top players from 1907 to 1920, credited with being first to develop twist service; as president of Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, after 29 years, at Melbourne. Venerable **Brookes**, who lost memorable 17-15 marathon set to America's **Maurice McLoughlin** in 1914 Davis Cup challenge round, was succeeded by **Donald M. Ferguson**, Davis Cup team selector.

RETIRED—**Capt. Morris D. Gilmore** (Ret.), 65, onetime Navy lacrosse star, assistant athletic director, submarine sailor; from post as secretary-treasurer of Naval Academy AA, at Annapolis, Md.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending July 3)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. New York	Baltimore	Washington	
W 4 L 1	**9-2, 7-3**	**7-2, 12-0**	
Seas 52 25		0-5	
Pct 675			
2. Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	
W 1 L 5	4-5, 2-8	0-1 **2-1**	
Seas 43-29	3-4	8-14	
Pct 587			
3. Cleveland	Kansas City	Chicago	
W 3 L 2	**7-5**, 4-12	**1-0**, 1-2	
Seas 44-31		**14-9**	
Pct 587			
4. Boston	Washington	Baltimore	
W 6 L 1	**4-0, 8-2**	**4-2, 5-1**	
Seas 42-35	**7-5**, 2 3	**7-2**	
Pct 545			
5. Detroit	Chicago	Kansas City	
W 3, L 4	**5-4, 8-2**	2-3, 5-7	
Seas 38-35	**4-3**	10-11, 8-8	
Pct 521			
P. Kansas City	Cleveland	Detroit	
W 5, L 1	5-7, **12-4**	**3-2, 7-5**	
Seas 32-41		**11-10, 9-8**	
Pct 438			
7. Washington	Boston	New York	
W 2, L 5	0-4, 2 8	2 7 0-12	
Seas 26 48	5 7 **2-2**	**5-0**	
Pct 351			
8. Baltimore	New York	Boston	
W 0 L 5	2-9, 3-7	3-4, 1-5	
Seas 20-53		2-7	
Pct 274			

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Al Kaline, Detroit, .379
Runs batted in—Al Kaline, Detroit, 61
Home runs—Mickey Mantle, New York, 18
Pitching—Early Wynn, Cleveland, 11-2

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Brooklyn	New York	Pittsburgh	
W 3 L 4	**6-5**, 1-6	2-3, 6-7	
Seas 53-22	**6-5**	5-7, **3-1**	
Pct 707			
2. Chicago	Milwaukee	St. Louis	
W 4, L 3	**7-3**, 1-14	**11-7, 4-3**	
Seas 43-35	4-7	2-R, **10-5**	
Pct 551			
3 Milwaukee	Chicago	Cincinnati	
W 3, L 3	3-7 **14-1**	2-14, 5-10	
Seas 40-34	**7-4**	**7-3**	
Pct 541			
4 Cincinnati	St. Louis	Milwaukee	
W 3 L 2	**9-1**, 5-8	**14-2, 10-5**	
Seas 34-36		3-7	
Pct 486			
5. New York	Brooklyn	Philadelphia	
W 3, L 3	5-6 **6-1**	**3-8, 6-1**	
Seas 36-39	5-6	**4-3**	
Pct 480			
6. Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	New York	
W 3 L 3	**3-0**, 5-7	**9-3**, 1-6	
Seas 33-41	**6-3**	3-4	
Pct 446			
7. St. Louis	Cincinnati	Chicago	
W 2, L 4	1-8, **9-5**	7-11, 3-4	
Seas 32-48		**8-2**, 5-10	
Pct 444			
8. Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	Brooklyn	
W 4 L 3	0-3 **7-5**	**3-2, 7-6**	
Seas 26 50	3-6	**7-5**, 1-3	
Pct 342			

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Richie Ashburn, Philadelphia, 352
Runs batted in—Duke Snider, Brooklyn, 79
Home runs—Ted Kluszewski, Cincinnati, 26
Pitching—Don Newcombe, Brooklyn, 15-1

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

FRANK MUNDY, Atlanta, AAA 100-lap late-model stock car race in 1955 Chrysler Knoxville Tenn Runners up Tony Bettenhausen, Tinley Park, Ill in 1955 Chrysler, Les Snow, Bloomington, Ill in 1955 Buick Century

BOWLING

STRONS BEER Detroit San Francisco Issm championship with 12 1RR pins San Francisco Runnsr up Hamilton Enlsiprises, Chicago with 11 523 pins

BOXING

HAROLO CARTER 10-round decision over Julio Medsles, hasvyweights Miami Beach
ESAU FERDINANO 10-round decision over Harvey Tayler light hsavyweights, Hollywood Calif
ITALO SCORTICHINI, 4 round KO over Yeang Paulino, middleweights Manila
BOBBY BOYD 3-round KO over Lloyd Triplett for Illinois middleweight title Chicago
YAMA BAHAMA 7 round TKO over Battling Douglas, welisiweighis Bimini B W I
KENNY LANE, 10-round decision over Dick (Kid) Howard, lightweights Nshifax N S
BOBBY WOODS and CEORCIE OUNN 10-round drew, lightweights Vancouvsr B C
PAPPY CAULT 3-round KO over Jimmy Calcutte featherswsights Flolsncs S C
LAURO SALAS 9-round KO over Pupy Carcia featherweights Havana
BILLY (Sweetpea) PEACOCK 4-round KO over Alex Fimbres, bantamweights, Noeston Tex
MARIO O'AGATA 10-round decision over Robert Meunier, bantamweights Rome
HILAIRE PRATESI 5-round KO over Nate Brooks, bantamwsights Paris

GOLF

MORTIE OUTRA Los Angelss over John Burton, 2 up, world sr chsmpionship Clasgow
BILLY TNORNTON, Ft Jackson Watermelon Festival tournamsnt, with 64 Hampton, S C
MRS NARLAN REIDEL, Osilas, over Psuls Sue Gale, 2 & 1, Osnver women's championship, Denver.

HARNESS RACING

LADY DUNN $10 000 Presidsnt's Cup Trot 1m , in 2 03 3 5 (track record) Baltimore Rsceway Harry Miller drivsr

HORSE RACING

MANOTICK $30,450 Gazelle Stakes, 1 1/16 m., by head, in 1 45 3 5 Aqueduct, N.Y Angel Valenzuela up
IMPROMPTU $29 700 Warren Wright Memorial Stakes, 7 f , by 3½ lengths, in 1 22, Arlington Ph , Arlington Nsights III Willie Nortech up
GUILTON MADERO $2R,050 Cinema Handicap 1 1 16m , by 2 lengths in 1 41 4 5, Hollywood Pk , Inglewood, Calif. Milo Valenzuela up
SWIFT STEVE $27,325 Governor's Day Handicap, 1 1/16 m by head in 1 50 3 5, Narragansett Pk , Pawtuchet, R I Bob Ussery up
COUNTY CLARE $23,375 Longfellow Handicap (first division), 1 m , by 6 lengths, in 1 38 2/5, Monmouth Pk , Oceanport, N J Sammy Boulmalis up
PRINCE NILL $23,375 Longfellow Handicap (second division) 1 m , by ½ length in 1 39 3/5, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N J Angel Valenzuela up.

MOTORBOATING

JOE and DON LESS, N Tonowanda, N.Y., Intl Cup for hydroplanes Gananeque Ont
(Speed boat ispstts Hampton Va.)
SCOTT STRAUS, Baltimore, Class AU stock runabouts, with 800 pts Class A stock hydroplanes, with 800 pts.
WARREN KLAMANS, Annapolis, Md , Class BU stock runabouts with 800 pts
A W SEELEY JR , Norfolk, Va., Class CU stock runabouts with 800 pts
NOLLY SIMPSON Norfolk, Va Class OU stock runabouts with 700 pts
WILLIAM G McCLUNG Portsmouth, Va , Class B stock hydroplanes with 800 pts.
MEL NUCHES, Norfolk, Va , Class D stock hydraplanes, with 800 pts.

TENNIS

EOOtE MOYLAN Trenton, N J , over Ron Nolmberg, 6-3 6 2 6-0 Essisn clay-courts title Hackensack, N J.
BILL QUILLIAN Seattle over Sam Daniel 4-6 6-3, 6-4, 7-5 Mid-Dixie singles, Spartanburg S C
MIKE GREEN Miami Beach and QUILLIAN, over Allen Quay and Bill Umstaedter, 6-3, 5-7, 6-0, Mid-Dixie doubles Spartanburg, S C.
NARRY NOFFMAN SR , Philadelphia Rifle Club, over Ed Oailey, 7-5, 6 3 6-3, Middle States clay-court men's singles, Wilmington, Del
ALICE FEHRENBACN, Philadelphia Rifle Club, over Dalmar Gundersen, 6-4 6-2 Middle States clay-court women s singles Wilmington, Del
EARL BUCHHOLZ JR St Louis, over Rodney Susman, 6-1, 6-2 Missouri Valley AAU boys' singles, Winfield, Kans.
CONNIE CRISTLER Kansas City, over Mary Clendenin, 8-1, 6-4, Missouri Valley AAU girls' singles, Winfield, Kans.

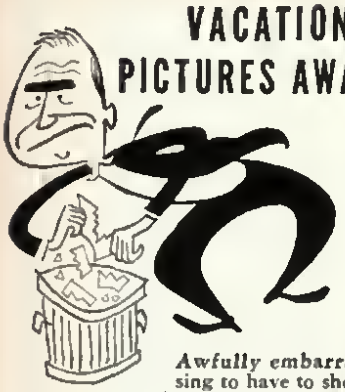
TRIATHLON

MASTER SGT WILLIAM KNUPPLE USMC, Morris, Minn , Inter Service championship, with 2,688 pts., San Antonio Tex

WALKING

HUCNIE NEILSON, England, 105-m. walking race, in 18 26 27, London

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Can polo be popularized? (Asked at Palm Beach and the Dominican Republic)

BOB SKENE, Los Angeles



One of the three 10-goal players in U.S.

"Only if polo fields are in centers of cities and easily reached. In Buenos Aires and Calcutta, where I have played, they draw tremendous crowds. The Venado Tuertos of Buenos Aires had won 10 consecutive championships. Last year, my team, El Trebol, licked them before 45,000 fans."

MRS. WALTER E. BROOKS, Palm Beach



Housewife

"Definitely. Polo is a great game to watch. It's a sport for all, no longer for the rich as it used to be. The ponies are beautifully trained to follow the ball. They are as interesting to watch as the players. In Palm Beach we are creating interest in polo by getting the public into it."

MAC MacMILLAN, Palm Beach



Patrolman

"No. Polo will never draw large crowds. It's too social. Many spectators just look around the stands and boxes to see who's there. They come to be seen, not to see the ponies. I shouldn't say this. The AAA in Florida has cited me as the most courteous law enforcement officer in Florida."

MAJ. GEN. R. TRUJILLO MARTINEZ Jr.



Chief of Staff Dominican Air Force

"No. Ever since its invention, polo has never been a game for the masses. It's too expensive. A rider must own three ponies. He must pay for their feed and care. To become popular as a spectator sport, a game must be played and understood by a large part of the population."

JUAN ACOSTA, Havana



Captain
Cuban team

"Yes, but we must have leagues like those in baseball. Polo is fast, skillful and social. At places where it has been given a fair try, people liked it. In the late '40s, when polo was played in the Orange Bowl, it drew crowds of 10,000. Jimmy McHugh's club at Brandywine, Pa. is self-sustaining."

MAJOR FREDRIC C. COLLIN



President
Blind Brook and
Palm Beach clubs

"Yes. All we have to do is give polo mallets instead of toy pistols to our kids. The Blind Brook Polo Club, near White Plains, N.Y., gave polo mallets and balls to the high school kids. Now they're playing field polo. Next will come polo on bicycles. Then on ponies."

CARLOS V. PELLERAND



President, Dominican
Polo Commission

"Yes. We're in that process now. We bring top players here to compete against our team. There's no admission fee to the matches. That has built up great interest. We are particularly pleased with the interest of our kids. Polo teams made up of kids in the 10–14 age group are now playing."

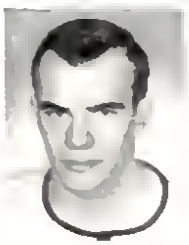
MRS. ULMONT OGDEN CUMMING



New York City
Housewife

"No. You have to be a real horseman to play polo. The average boy would rather drive an automobile than ride a horse, even if there were enough horses to ride. My husband played polo as far back as World War I and is the proud owner of six cups won in competition. He agrees with me."

STEPHEN REYNOLDS, Laudonville, N.Y.



Captain
Yale University crew

"Although polo is the most skillful game I ever saw, it is too expensive to become a great spectator sport. There is a National Intercollegiate Indoor Polo League. Cornell defeated Yale for the championship, 19–5. Even so, polo will always be played and watched by the few."

LADDIE SANFORD, Palm Beach



Captain
Hurricanes

"Polo is getting a hold in Florida. At Delray they get crowds up to 5,000, for the game is very exciting and easy to understand. It's hockey on horseback. You don't have to be a millionaire to play, although feeble millionaires try to play, believing the shaking-up is good for their livers."

PORFIRIO RUBIROSA, Paris



Diplomat
Dominican Republic

"When every family owns a horse instead of an automobile, polo will become a great spectator sport, rivaling baseball, soccer and football. In the U.S., the Dominican Republic and other countries where baseball is played, it's much easier to buy a baseball bat than a polo pony."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

In a match race between Swaps and Nashua, which horse would win?

"Help!"

(your car's engine speaking)

This "ping" and sticking hydraulic valve lifter trouble is driving me crazy!

I'm a modern high compression engine built to give you high horsepower performance. To do this, I put up with much greater pressures and higher speeds on moving parts. Result? I'm sensitive! Even slight deposits of carbon, sludge and gum affect my performance seriously; and my metal parts need extra protection too. That's why I need an oil that provides two things—*detergency* and *high film strength* continuously—all the time.

Today, refiners put chemical additives in their oils to meet these needs. But additives *alone* are not the answer. Actually, from the moment I start up after an oil change, these additives begin to be used up in service. Ask the experts. They'll tell you that detergency and film strength derived from additives can sometimes depreciate *below safe limits* in just a few hundred miles of stop-and-go driving.

Better still, ask me. The only oil to keep me happy right through to my next oil change is RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty, because it gives me *double protection*. Sure Macmillan uses additives. But in addition, the Macmillan crude oil contains natural detergency and high film strength as it comes from the ground—and these qualities cannot be used up in service because they are part of the oil itself.

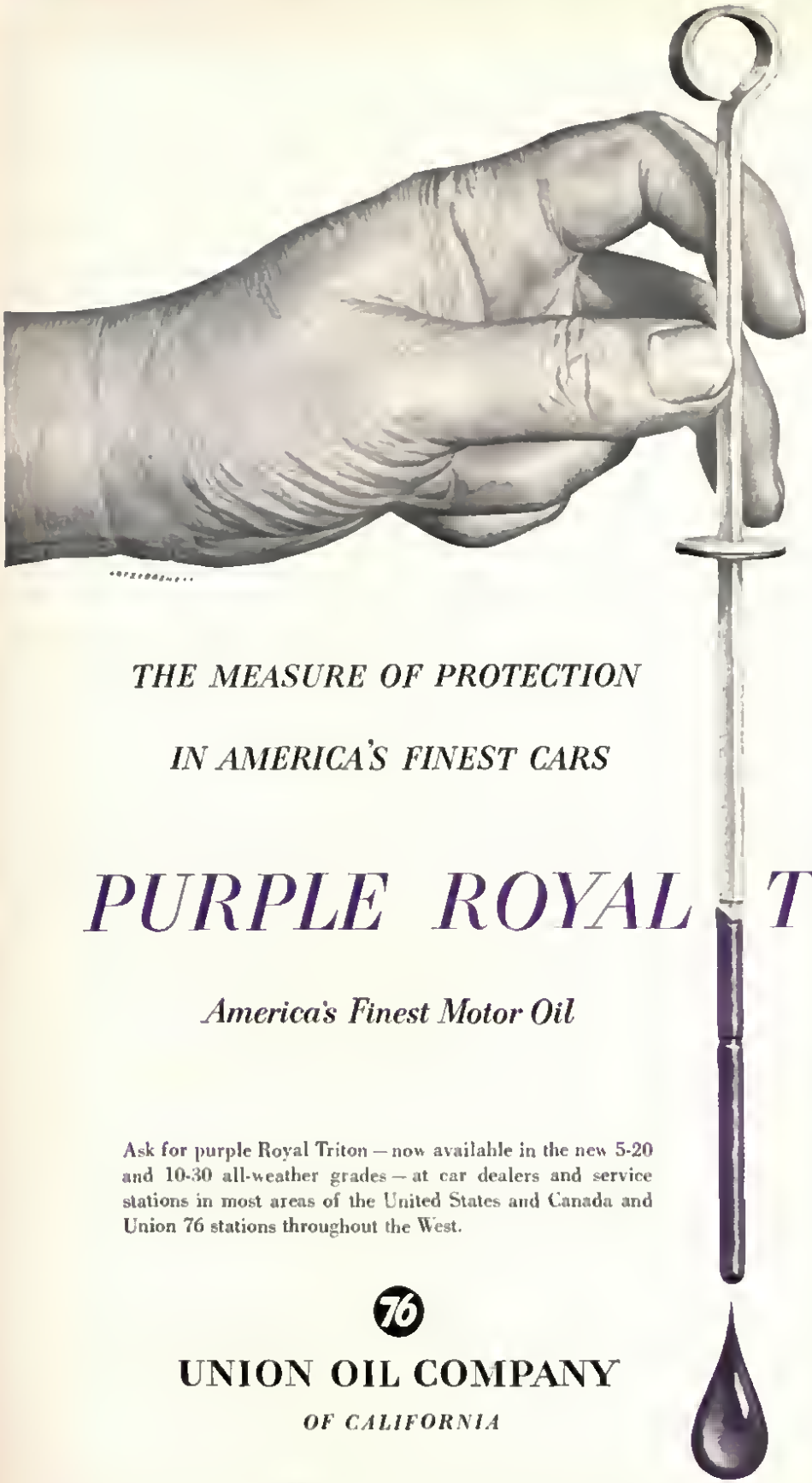
So let's put a stop to sticking valves—let's cut destructive engine "ping". From now on...

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Brundage's adages • Princetonian makes sorority • Metamorphosis of the fight club • The mechanical handicapper • Too-brave bulls • Didrikson's back

OLYMPIC BEACON

DURING THE International Olympic Committee meetings in Paris the committee president, Avery Brundage, had a few words to say in tribute to Baron Pierre de Coubertin. It was 63 years ago that the Baron suggested a revival of the sports carnivals of ancient Greece and so lighted the torches for the modern Olympics.

"It took a Frenchman who was not an athlete," Brundage said, "to perceive the latent and undeveloped moral, educational and spiritual possibilities in competitive sports. Never had such an idea met with such universal approval in such a short time. The word 'Olympic' is the magic word today in all five continents. Baron de Coubertin saw in amateur sport the only common ground where the rising generations of all races might meet and mingle on an equal basis. His object was the ennoblement of humanity for a better and happier world."

On the subject of amateurism, which has been a sore spot in Olympic discussions, Brundage said:

"We can only rely on the support of those who believe in the principles of fair play and sportsmanship embodied in the amateur code in our efforts to prevent the games from being used by individuals, organizations or nations for ulterior motives."

And on the whole broad subject of international sports:

"We are trying to carry on the Olympic movement with our limited resources because sport makes the peoples healthier and happier. We are hoping to create harmony among the nations and for a more peaceful and friendlier world."

THE LONESOME GRAD

DURING THE Philadelphia Phillies' most recent Western swing a hotel in which they were staying was host as well to a convention of Theta Sigma Phi, which is a national honorary journalism sorority. Up to the Theta Sig registration desk came a strapping lad of diffident mien. Was this, he asked the young woman in charge, a college sorority convention? If so, it would be pleasant if he could talk to some college people again.

There is an endless variety of ways by which young men strike up acquaintance with young women and this, the registrar thought, might well be one of them. The young man hastened to explain. He was a Princeton man, class of '55, had joined the Phillies about 10 days before and was traveling with the team before going into the Navy in July. He had been assigned to room with Catcher Andy Seminick, known to his mates as The Mad Russian. Seminick, he made clear, is one of the finest roommates an aspiring baseball rookie could have but his conversational range is limited. Baseball and bird shooting. Golf and

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Smiling, easygoing Louise Brough, an Oklahoman turned Californian, approached the modern immortals of ladies' tennis—Helen Wills Moody Roark and Suzanne Lenglen—by winning her fourth Wimbledon championship.

Sophomore pro Fay Crocker, an American turned Uruguayan (her great-grandfather was first U.S. consul to Uruguay), gave a lesson to the top U.S. lady golfers with a four-stroke victory in the $7,500 U.S. Women's Open.

Unheralded, the Vancouver Rowing Club crew upset Soviet Russia's Grand Challenge Cup entry at Britain's Henley Regatta—prompting delighted shouts of "This means Siberia! Back to the salt mines!" from the banks. Then the B.C. crew succumbed to the University of Pennsylvania's varsity in the final.

The traveling U.S. weight-lifting team stopped in Iran on its way home from Russia, beat the best local muscleмen 6–0 and delighted Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Shahinshah of Iran—a monarch who owns a set of York bar bells.

Boxing society in New Orleans opened its arms to visiting New York mobster Frankie Carbo, who helped Blaise D'Antoni open his new saloon and watched politely as D'Antoni talked of new boxing and horse racing activities.

Minor league baseball suffered another serious blow when Owner Sam Bray said he would almost certainly have to fold his Kingsport Cherokees on July 9 unless financial aid materialized. This made it look as if the end were in immediate sight for the Appalachian League.

continued from page 9

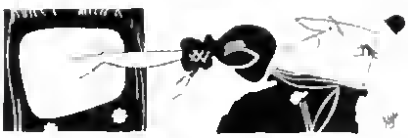
fisbing. Not mucb to say about the classics, drama or modern art.

The Princeton man—he turned out to be Johb Easton, captain of this year's baseball team, a center fielder with a .350 batting average, a major in electrical engineering and a near honor student—had a fine long talk witb one of the sororrity sisters. He should be in the Navy by now, well out of range of Seminick's famous throwing arm.

The Pittshurgh Pirates have 10 college men on their roster, more than any other major league team. They are in last place. But conversationally they are delightful.

CLUB FIGHTS IN A TUBE

THE DECLINE and impending extinction of the small fight club, boxing's little red schoolhouse, has been deplored more often than the passing of the passenger pigeon. The cry has heen that the small fight club is the



natural breeding ground of the competent boxer but that the predator, televi sion, bas wrecked it by enticing away its trade and has killed off promising young fighters by promoting them to national prominence before they are ready.

Last April a Cleveland TV promoter started putting on the electronic equivalent of small clnb fights. He is Herman Spero, a former child actor turned showman. His studio boxing show became a weekly attraction on WEWS-TV in Cleveland. With studio audiences limited to a mere 100 guests of the sponsoring brewer (Pilsener Brewing Company) and the noise of a large crowd simulated by transcription, the fights have attracted a good, steady audience in the Cleveland viewing area.

"You don't have to have great fighters to have exciting fights," Spero explains. "When you get a boy from Akron and a hoy from Warren, Ohio, for example, the boys know their towns are rooting for them. You see some tremendous fights with that local element involved." Tbis of course, was the charm and basic philosophy of the fight club too. Spero and his matchmaker, Johnny Gibbons, who used to he Bob Hope's dancing partner in pre-Pepsodent days, regard their studio fights as a way to develop good fighters while earning a showman's dollar.

"Cleveland used to be a bot fight town up until about five years ago," Spero recalls "Then things went dead. What we aimed to do was to give young fighters an opportunity to fight and give the viewers exciting fights."

Their aim was jarred almost immediately by the International Boxing Guild, a kind of managers' union for the establishment of better lurking conditions. Some of the IBG managers in Cleveland wanted to "clear" things with the IBG's GHQ in New York. Since IBG works in close cahoots with network TV's monopolist, the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris president), it took a stern, almost moral stand against studio boxing. Featherweight Jesse Rodriguez, for instance, was warned that he would get no more fights if he appeared on a WEWS card. Featherweight Rodriguez had been getting no fights any way, so he fought for Spero. Other independent fighters and managers took the same view, and Spero went on promoting.

A couple of weeks ago the IBG local threatened to picket the station. Murray (The Genius) Frank, New York lawyer for the IBG, addressed the Cleveland managers and, with the heat on against the IBG nerve center in New York where Julius Helfand was suspending IBG managers right and left, the picketing did not come off.

"These guys are supposed to be promoting boxing," Spero signed, "but they are doing it in a funny way."

WINNING WITHOUT TEARS

SYSTEMS FOR beating the races are as common as sure-catch trout flies. They make more effective lures too. Now a man who designs lighting fixtures has invented a new system and seems bound to catch lots of horse players.

He is Don Ernest Frank of Spokane, an employee of the Columhia Electric and Manufacturing Company who has had a mild interest in horse racing for perhaps 20 years along with a passion for rapid calculation gimmicks used in his work. He uses, for instance, no less than 28 calculators for rapid computation of such factors as related light values and steel thickness. Now he has come up with what he calls a "Turfman's Calculator," designed to help the brain-fagged horse player make his selections with the nourishing sense that science has heen put to work on the problem. Frank makes two opposing claims about his calculator:

1) It will not beat the races.

2) With its aid he beat them for $400 on $2 bets last year, hitting eight out of 12 daily doubles. He remembers one pick that paid $16.40 to win.

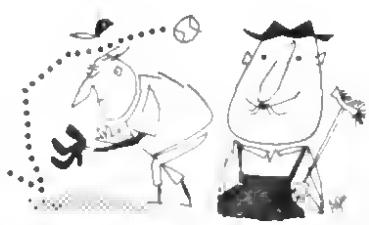
"Two years ago," he recalls, "we lost our shirts." But at that time Frank had not yet invented his calculator. After filling three hureau drawers with charts, clippings, figures and notes scribbled to himself Frank decided he had discovered the "logical common denominator" of horse racing.

The denominator is time. Some horses run faster than others and Frank's gimmick—a cardhoard slide chart about the size of a folded road map—is a device for comparing one horse's time against another horse's over the same distance. With his racing form before him, the owner of a Turfman's Calculator can convert a horse's hest time over any distance to the horse's probable time over the distance the horse will run tomorrow. After a little routine pushing of slides back and forth he gets a quick comparison of horses over the distance they'll run against each other.

"It's like knowing how fast a man can run 100 yards," Frank explains. "You can compute his prohable time over 104 yards or 106 yards."

He recommends that the fan use the calculator to find the two or three probable best runners in a given race, then weigh such other variables as jockeys, weights, track condition and whether a horse is improving or slowing. The calculator does not take weights or jockeys into account and is based on a fast track. You're expected to do just a little thinking on your own.

The first 10,000 calculators will he on the market early in August. Then, no more sitting up late nights. You just



DIAMOND MAGIC

Sometimes a team to triumph mounts
When a batted ball takes a lucky bounce.
Before you credit Fortune's wiles,
Ponder first the ground crew's smiles.

—Gilbert Goodwin

lie awake contemplating the profits to be realized from seven-horse parlays.

NEW SYSTEMS

A WAY TO at least break even at the races, less legal fees, has been dreamed up by Miss Paula Aiello, a wide-eyed brunette in a picture hat who dropped $425 at Aqueduct and now has 71 losing pari-mutuel tickets for her memory book.

Miss Aiello is putting the law on Aqueduct via a lawyer named Lee Bosco Jr. under Section 994 of the New York State penal code entitled: "Property staked may be recovered." This law says if you lose money on a bet you can bring suit and get it back.

Miss Aiello's first system, which occurred to her on the very first day she ever spent at a race track, was to bet on "several horses in each race with several tickets on each horse." That was how she lost the $425.

She dropped that system and went to Counsellor Bosco. He conceded that pari-mutuel betting is legal and that there might be some question about Section 994's applicability, since it covers only "prohibited" wagering. He entered suit anyway and, lo and behold, his name was in all the papers and spelled correctly, B-o-s-c-o.

THEN THERE WERE TWO

AT THE END of any normal, well-ordered bullfight, there should be (at least) six dead bulls and three triumphant matadors. But some heady impulse toward independence has lately been driving the bulls of Madrid to challenge their bovine destiny. There was that bull who last month jumped the fence at Madrid's Plaza de Toros in suburban Vista Alegre and vanished into a maze of narrow streets on its way downtown (SI, June 13). Now there is news of an equally bad afternoon in the bigger Plaza Monumental. At a recent *corrida* there, the matadors all went to the infirmary leaving a pair of live *toros* with nothing but time on their hands.

The trouble started when Juan Galvez, a lean and emaciated veteran, faced a fine, spirited black bull from a first-rate Andalusian *ganadería*. As soon as this animal tore into the ring it was obvious that he knew too much. Instead of charging the capes, he charged the men. Galvez eventually cited the bull and stood his ground. As straight as a guided missile the bull went for Galvez, tossed him high in the air and then turned around to butt the prone figure. Galvez went to the infirmary with a 10-centimeter wound on the inside of his right thigh.

The second bull was more amenable and followed the cloth as it should. But Jaime Ostos, the matador, made an awkward pass, was caught on the horn, tossed and trampled. He got up, killed the bull and followed Galvez to the infirmary.

This left the third matador, a young fellow named Morenito de Talavera, making his first Madrid appearance, to kill five bulls. He finished off two of them without much trouble, but the fourth bull of the afternoon caught him with a horn, and Morenito also went to the infirmary with 10-centimeter and 15-centimeter wounds in his thighs and buttocks.

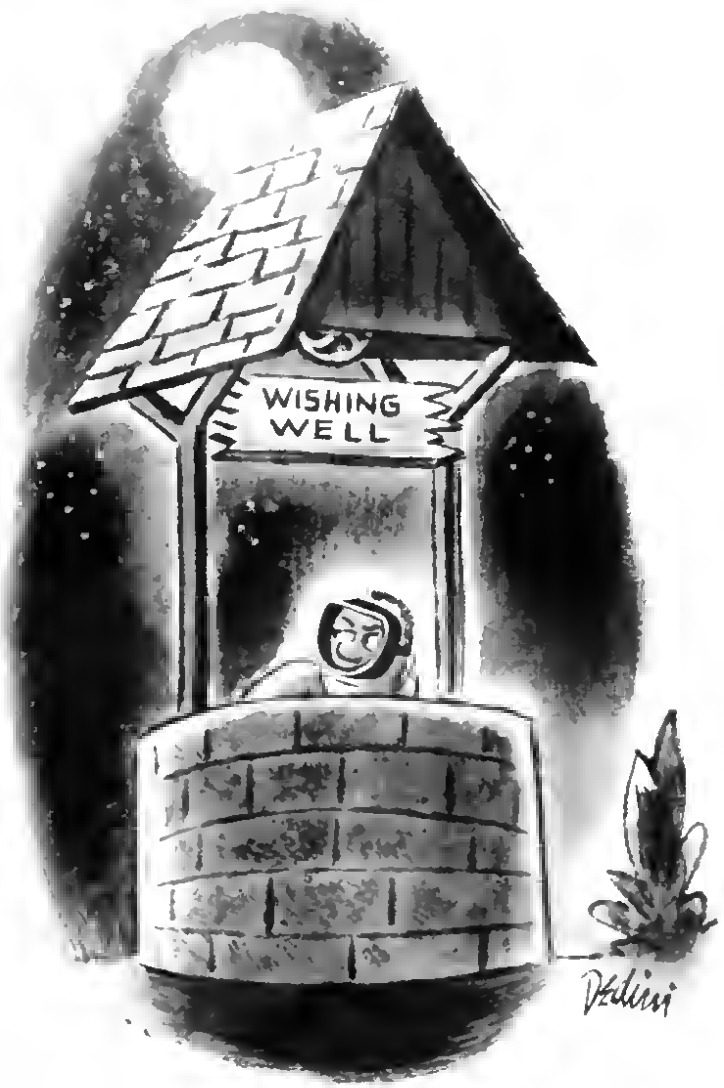
In the infirmary the ring surgeon, Dr. Luis Gimenez-Guinea, had patched up Jaime Ostos, who limped back to the ring. Ostos took over the wounded Morenito's bull. On his third pass, the bull tossed and trampled him. Ostos picked himself up, staggered, collapsed and was again carried to the infirmary.

The audience was stupefied. The bull stood defiantly in possession of the ring. There were no more bullfighters. Suddenly there leaped from the sunny side of the stand a short, squat



figure in ordinary street clothes—an ex-matador named Pedro de la Casa, long since retired, limping from an old goring, a kinsman of the youthful Morenito. Pedro grabbed a sword and a muleta, saluted the judge, gave the bull a few quick passes and killed it —a little awkwardly perhaps, but at least left it dead. As Pedro limped from the ring in glory, two policemen hustled him off to jail, charged with the illegal killing of a bull. For good

continued on next page



continued from page 11

measure the attendant who had given him the sword and muleta was jailed too. Pedro had, in fact, asked permission to kill the bull by saluting the judge, but he had not waited for permission to be granted.

That left just the two live bulls and one very angry audience.

HURRICANE THOMAS

THERE WAS A TIME—about a year ago—when an outrageous heavyweight named Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson was spoken of as a possible opponent for Champion Rocky Marciano. Totally devoid of boxing skill, Jackson was as wildly eccentric in his public statements as he was in the ring, and boxing writers quoted him gratefully for a while. Of training in the country Jackson said: "Those noisy birds pecking around are what gets you. I'm unrestable unless I have city noises."

Of his boyhood he remarked: "The big boys were always catching me and throwing me in the sticker bushes and stomping on me." Of his defeat a year ago last April by Jimmy Slade, Hurricane cried: "I'm glad I lost. Maybe that'll teach my mother not to bother with me." After that fight the Hurricane Jackson joke wore thin and his deemphasis began. A few months later he was dumped three times in the second round by Nino Valdes (Jackson: "I was wearin' slippery shoes") and banished.

The other evening Jackson was back in New York for a return bout with Slade, this one billed as "for the heavyweight championship of New York State." Jackson, no less horrible as a boxer, got a close but unanimous decision. Thus, at 23, he may be said to have made a comeback.

In the dressing room after the fight Jackson engaged in repartee with his manager, Lippy Breidbart. The substance of the exchange was that Jackson wanted a drink of water and a shower. Breidbart thought he should cool off first.

"You don't know your mind," Breidbart said.

"But I know my body," said Hurricane. "You don't know my body."

"But I know your mind," Breidbart countered.

"Yeah, you know my mind," agreed Hurricane. "But nobody but me knows my body."

Briedbart shook his head. "Go ahead, take a drink." He turned to a reporter. "This boy has ideals of his own. All last week he was saying how he was going to outsmart Slade. So he tried to outsmart him in the early rounds. You can't outsmart a cutey. Then Freddie [Trainer Freddie Brown] tells him to go out in the fifth round and start fighting. This boy don't know his mind."

"I know my body," Jackson said. "Lemme take a shower now."

Breidbart began to talk up the August 3rd date in Syracuse when Jackson is to meet the winner of the Ezzard Charles-Paul Andrews fight on July 13. He turned to Jackson: "That'll be the money fight. You can buy a house."

"I don't want no house," said Hurricane softly, "I want a shower."

'I'M A LITTLE AFRAID'

HAVING LICKED cancer with the aid of surgery 27 months ago, Babe Didrikson has gone through another operation and is now facing the necessity of making—or trying to make—yet another comeback in women's golf. Babe's current disability, a ruptured spinal disc, was incurred because she attempted to push a heavy automobile out of deep sand on a fishing trip to Port Aransas, Texas some weeks ago. "I'm just accident prone, I guess," she said in tones of honest puzzlement when reporters and photographers called on her at Galveston's John Sealy Hospital. "Seems I'm always doing something to hurt myself."

Though she was decked out in a peach-colored nightgown for the occasion she looked pale and wan after 26 days flat on her back in the hospital bed. When a photographer asked her if she could sit up a little Babe reached for an iron bar suspended above her. But her husband, ex-wrestler George Zaharias, who had been fluttering incongruously in the background near a basket of zinnias, protested immediately: "Now look. Let's don't make this difficult. She can't move." Babe looked at him gratefully.

"How about laying my golf bags on the bed," she volunteered. Somebody lifted the bag and she hauled out a driver, then sighed: "Oh, man, those things feel heavy." As the flashbulbs went off she cried: "Gee, I didn't even get to put any lipstick on. I just had a shot and I didn't get to it." Was she definite about going back to big-time golf? "If I'm able to I'm certainly going to. I'll be out of here after this week. I'm a little afraid but I hope it will be okay. They say I'll be able to play. I won't retire till somebody comes along better than I am, and I haven't found one yet." As her visitors prepared to leave, Babe said vehemently: "I look terrible in this position in bed." Then she called: "Touch up those pictures, will you?"

SPECTACLE

ALOFT ON A WAVE

A sailplane pilot soars through a wide, noiseless world, forever searching for the free power to keep him there

The pilots soaring in sailplanes on the edge of the Pacific at Torrey Pines, Calif., shown in color on the following four pages, are applying about the same skills they would in small power planes, with one substantial difference. In a sailplane the pilot is forever seeking his power, by picking his way from cloud to cloud, borrowing lift from thermals or searching for updrafts along a ridge such as that which rises 350 feet from the ocean at Torrey Pines. One of Torrey Pines' veterans, Jim Spurgeon, who like many soaring enthusiasts is a power plane engineer by trade, suggests that soaring is more like fishing than power flying. Until he is in the air, the soaring pilot is never too sure what he might catch. As described on page 17, early specialists of the soaring art often caught plenty of trouble.

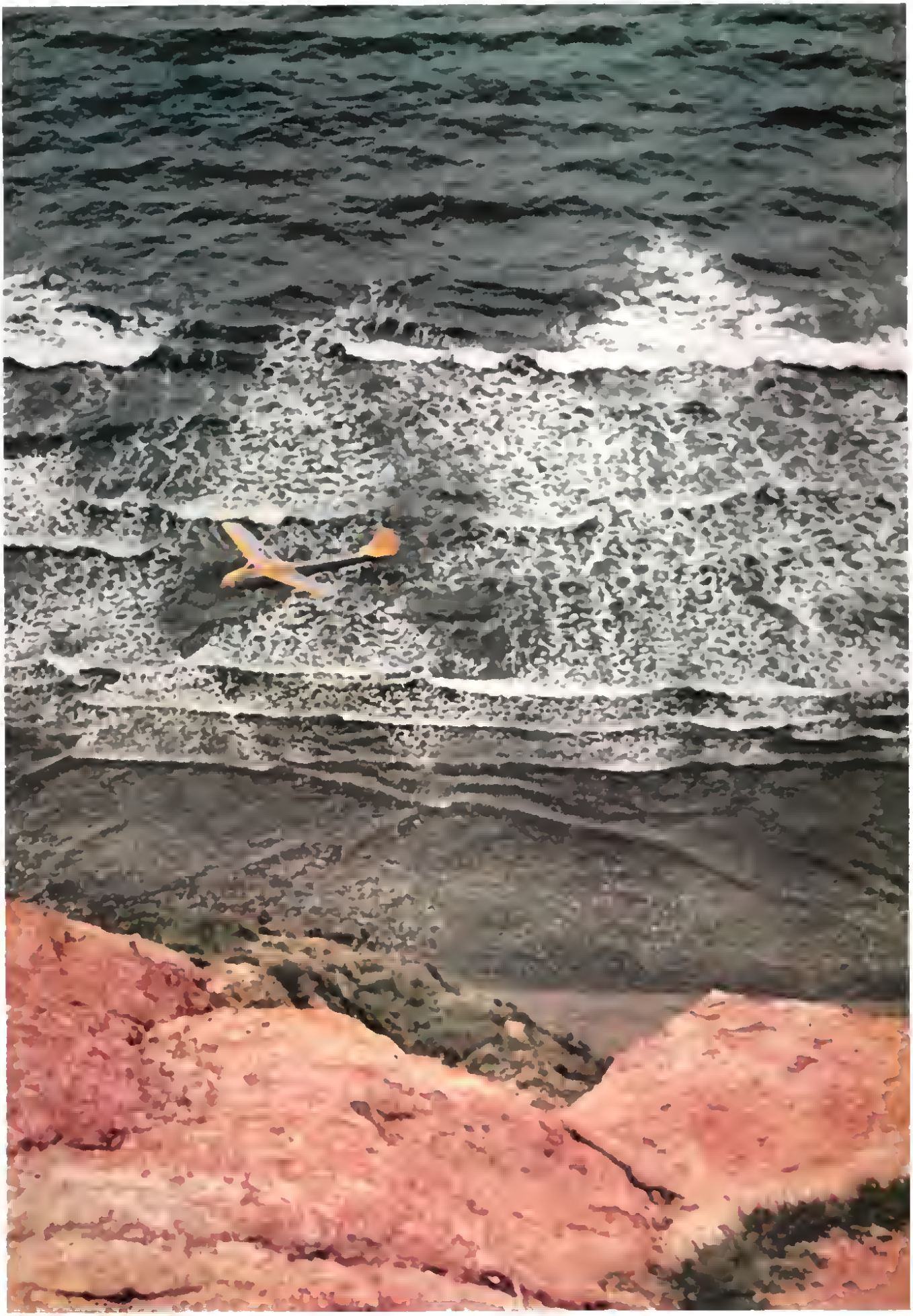
PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR BALDWIN

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A modified flat-top sailplane skims the Pacific near San Diego after taking off from cliff in foreground. Plane is ridge soaring 20 feet above water, staying aloft by means of air currents forced upward under the wings as air strikes the cliffs, starts to rise



Frank Perkins, 20, one of the West Coast's youngest licensed glider pilots, readies a plane for flight





Hal Hutchinson of Los Angeles banks dizzily over the Torrey Pines area (runway is at right) as his sailplane drops its towline to begin free flight. At the towline release point, planes are 300 feet off ground, flying at 50 mph

DOING IT LIKE THE BIRDS

by COLES PHINIZY

Flapping and flopping for a thousand years in imitation of eagles, crows, beetles and fish, man finally found his way into the air. In sailplanes he now flies well and high with very little fuss and no feathers at all

NORTH and west of San Diego, along the palisades of Point Loma and Torrey Pines, for 30 years sailplanes have been wheeling as smoothly as frigate birds, their wing tips feeling each change of air. As pictured on the preceding pages, this motorless flight looks so easy. In some respects now, it is an easy art, but it is not one that man mastered easily. The first real soaring masters were the Germans, who turned to powerless flight in 1920 when denied an air force by the Versailles Treaty and were refining the art in the late '20s, when Veteran Pilot Hawley Bowlus and Charles and Anne Lindbergh first rode the cool winds of Point Loma. Today, in fact, Dr. Wolfgang Klemperer of the Lockheed Corporation, who started the German movement 35 years ago, occasionally soars in these same winds over Torrey Pines.

Around the turn of the century the German, Otto Lilienthal, and the Americans, Octave Chanute and the Wright Brothers, had glided successfully enough to open the way for power flight, but theirs was brief hovering. The nine-minute endurance record set by the Wright Brothers in 1911 would wow no one in this day when pilots have soared over 55 hours to the edge of unconsciousness, but it rates as quite an achievement in contrast to most of the earlier attempts made during a thousand years of wild trial and error.

Men long ago were filled with the urge to fly, but they did not have a very good idea of how to go about it. There were some who thought it best to ride harnessed flocks of birds, relying, as it were, on wings already flight-tested. Somehow this always failed, but men kept looking at the birds and designing wings. They designed wings like those of crows and eagles, like dragonflies, beetles—even like fish fins. They launched themselves from towers in some very treacherous machines. Many of them would have done as well riding in a butter churn. In 1809 a Viennese clockmaker, Jacob Degen, assisted by a small balloon, did flap up 54 feet on his first try. He failed on his next three attempts and impatient onlookers gave him a thrashing. No one ever did well at it, but for some reason there have always been a few wing-flappers lurking around the halls of science. In the 18th century the Marquis of Bacqueville tried to flap across the Seine River and crashed on a washerwoman's barge. In 1930, Harry Hodge launched himself from a New York bridge in his eighth flapping machine, fell 133 feet into the Harlem River and was fetched up by a tug.

Man first got into the air under balloons in 1783. While balloonists were having a century of exciting ups and downs (SI, May 9), other aeronauts held the belief that man could get aloft on heavier-than-air, fixed wings. In 1809 in England, Sir George Cayley successfully launched a pilotless glider, but when his coachman was persuaded to get aboard a large glider it crashed. If Cayley, a man with the proper scientific approach, had not devoted most of his time to lighter-than-air flight, winged flight might have come sooner, sparing some of the less scientific-minded a few hard humps.

A French sea captain, Jean-Marie Le Bris, like Cayley, studied the birds. "I took an albatross wing and held it into the wind" exclaimed Le Bris. "I comprehended the whole mystery of flight." Le Bris built a fabric albatross and aboard it proceeded into a 12-mile wind towed by a horse cart. Le Bris swooped into the air, pulling up after him the cart rail to which the rope was attached and the cart driver, and they all came down together. For his second try, Le Bris, who should have stayed at sea, swung out on a boom 100 feet over a rock quarry, let go and plummeted

Sanity returned with the efforts of Otto Lilienthal, who started with small wings, leaping gently off a springboard onto plowed ground. Though even in his day aeronauts did not fully comprehend the aerodynamics of a fixed wing, particularly the stabilizing effect of dihedral and the lift obtained from a cambered upper surface, Lilienthal was the first to give a decent exhibition of stable, gliding flight, as well as the proper attitude. "We must," concluded Lilienthal, "serve an apprenticeship to the birds."

In some ways the soaring pilot still serves an apprenticeship. Even the best today still only soar statically, that is, gain altitude by riding updrafts that are rising faster than the sailplane sinks. At times a pilot may spot a cadence in gusty air and get some altitude from the intermittent lulls and gusts, but in this sort of dynamic soaring the birds are still ahead and well worth watching. In some respects, on the other hand, the sailplanes have left the birds behind. Ridges and thermals still afford good sailing for a competent pilot, but the experts are now going into bigger lifts, the standing waves which exist on the lee side of large mountain ranges. In the lee of the Sierras around Bishop, Calif., the pilots are now soaring up to eight and a half miles. The turbulence around roll clouds encountered near such waves has at times torn sailplanes apart. "At those heights," says Sailplane Manufacturer Paul Schweizer, "you're flying on the ragged edge." Before he tries the big waves, a man should serve a good long apprenticeship on a ridge like Torrey Pines. END

FAME IN THE CENTER COURT

by FRED TUPPER*

Tony Trahert becomes a great champion and two determined women play a match that will live long in the memory of tennis at Wimbledon

LOUISE BROUGH entered the hall of Wimbledon fame today. She drew on every shot in her memory hook and improvised a few more on the spur of the moment to defeat Mrs. Beverly Baker Fleitz of Long Beach, Calif. 7-5, 8-6, for the all-England women's tennis championship.

This singles match will live long in Wimbledon tradition. It rang on a high note from the first serve and enthralled a crowd of nearly 20,000.

Mrs. Fleitz was the favorite. She had smothered Doris Hart in straight sets to reach the final, and she had beaten Louise four times in a row around the world. She was rested and confident, faster afoot and infinitely better on ground strokes.

Louise played her the only way. She sliced one shot, drove another, always trying to break the lovely rhythm of Beverly's two-handed game. She used lobs and drop shots. She even went to the net, but that proved damaging. Bev passed her with consummate ease. Quickly in stride, Louise broke service and held hers. She was 3-1 when Bev double-faulted twice, and Louise dumped a teaser just over the barrier.

Then slugging little Beverly found her range. She barreled the ball down one side, put away the return on the other. Her shots were faster and deeper and all at once she led 4-3 and again at 5-4 after Miss Brough unaccountably hit a short volley far over the base line.

Louise took measures. She won her serve immaculately and then pulled the drop shot out of her repertoire. Mrs. Fleitz simply cannot handle the short ball and Broughie, biding her time, kept rallying from the deep court and suddenly pushed in a couple of floaters for outright winners. She had broken service at love.

In a tremendous rally Beverly fell down and then, unsettled, banged the next shot into net. Louise had the set.

In the ascendancy now, Louise mixed every wile and stratagem she has picked up in the 15 years since she was the American girls' champion.

A crisis came in the sixth game, Miss Brough serving. Five times Mrs. Fleitz had advantage, eight times in all the game went to deuce and finally Louise ripped a beautifully sliced backhand down the tape to lead 4-2.

Mrs. Fleitz merely hit the ball harder. No woman could stand against her pace now. She won 10 points in a row on a brilliant barrage that left Louise shaking her head helplessly as the shots thundered by. The audience roared as Beverly reached 5-4.

Louise took her own serve, broke her rival's but then the 25-year-old mother fired four rockets down the lines and it was 6-6 and anybody to win. Louise was clearly tired now. She was resting between points and having difficulty throwing the ball into the air for service. Miss Brough finally struggled up to advantage on Mrs. Fleitz's service. Then came the shot of the match.

A Fleitz drive down the left-hand side was weakly returned and Mrs. Fleitz hammered it down the other. Across court raced Louise. She lunged desperately and pulled off a gorgeous stop volley that just trickled over the net. It was, as she said later, a "determined bit of stretching."

That shot did it. It was Louise to serve and 7-6. She was 40-15, faltered long enough to double-fault and then leaped in the air as Bev weakly netted.

"I couldn't have gone on any longer," said Louise later. "The heart was there but the legs were gone."

The Duchess of Kent went to the court to present the large silver plate. "Wonderful tennis," she said. "Finest I have seen in years."

MISS BROUGH YELPS WITH DISMAY AS ANOTHER FLEITZ DRIVE RIPS BY



TURN PAGE FOR WILLIAM TALBERT'S ACCOUNT OF TONY TRABERT'S BIG WIN AT WIMBLEDON

* REPRINTED BY PERMISSION FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES



OBSERVE BEV'S POWERFUL RIGHT-HAND SMASH, THEN FLIP PAGE...



. . . NOW YOU SEE SLICK LEFT-HAND TRICK LOUISE HAD TO FACE

TRABERT TAKES THE BIG ONE

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

The U.S. Davis Cup captain, a Wimbledon witness, reveals the young Cincinnatian finally capturing the world's most coveted tennis title

THE WAY Tony Trabert went about winning the 69th Wimbledon Championships last week, the way he conducted himself in his matches, the kind of record the big-legged youngster is putting together—all of that takes you back a few years to 1946 and 1947 and another man tennis players refer to reverently and simply as "Kramer."

Sitting high in the stands of Wimbledon's ivy-covered center court where everything is green except the caliber of play, some of us who have a few years on our backs could not help but recall an astonishing parallel between Trabert and Kramer.

Kramer came to this lovely old south London tennis ground in 1946—just as *Tony did last year—all set to win. He* was a heralded youngster, a power hitter, a superb net man.

Blisters on his racket hand stopped Kramer—just as blisters on his racket hand and feet defeated Tony last year.

Kramer came back to Wimbledon the next year—in 1947—just as Tony did this year. Kramer won his title which by any measure is the unofficial world's championship—just as Tony did last Friday against Kurt Nielsen of Denmark.

Trahert's plan for the finals against Nielsen was a simple one, but it indicates the thoroughness with which the new champion enters a match.

In a discussion on the morning of the match it was first decided to attack the Dane's vulnerable forehand which he hits with a Continental grip.

Tony also decided to use a three-quarter serve, sacrificing the additional speed for safety. This means many more first deliveries will go in, making it extremely difficult for Nielsen to get to net. Trabert always followed his serve to net where in making the first volley he would not go for an immediate placement but would hit with safety to a deep position in the court. Invariably he would score on the second volley. Whenever Tony had to make a difficult volley, he always directed his shot to Nielsen's forehand.

When Kurt was serving his first hall Trabert stood just behind the hase line, advancing one yard in as the ball was hit. On the second service he received just inside base line, ready to hit the return and advance to net. Occasionally, to create more pressure on vital points, he would stand in a hit further, especially on the second. Trabert attacked Nielsen's comparatively weak second serve constantly, moving to net behind his return. Tony was content to get the ball back on the first serve, but his plan on the second was attack.

When he had to loh, he made a prematch decision to hit the ball very high in the air. We in tennis call this the shot that "gives your opponent lots of time to think and look at the blue." This worked extremely well as Kurt missed a number of important overheads. Trabert learned further, by watching his opponent's semifinal match, that the Dane moved very close to the net after his first volley. This made it easier to score with the lob.

In Tony's prematch mental preparation he realized that Nielsen would be the favorite of the crowd. He conditioned his thinking superbly, not permitting the enthusiastic outbursts in support of the Dane to bother him. He played to a plan and produced the same calm workmanlike tennis on the center court the final day with 17,000 people watching as he did the first day.

He was the hest player in the biggest tournament in the world. END



UNDISPUTED KING of men's tennis, Tony Trabert, first man since 1938 to win tournament without losing a set, holds cup as loser Nielsen provides crowning touch.

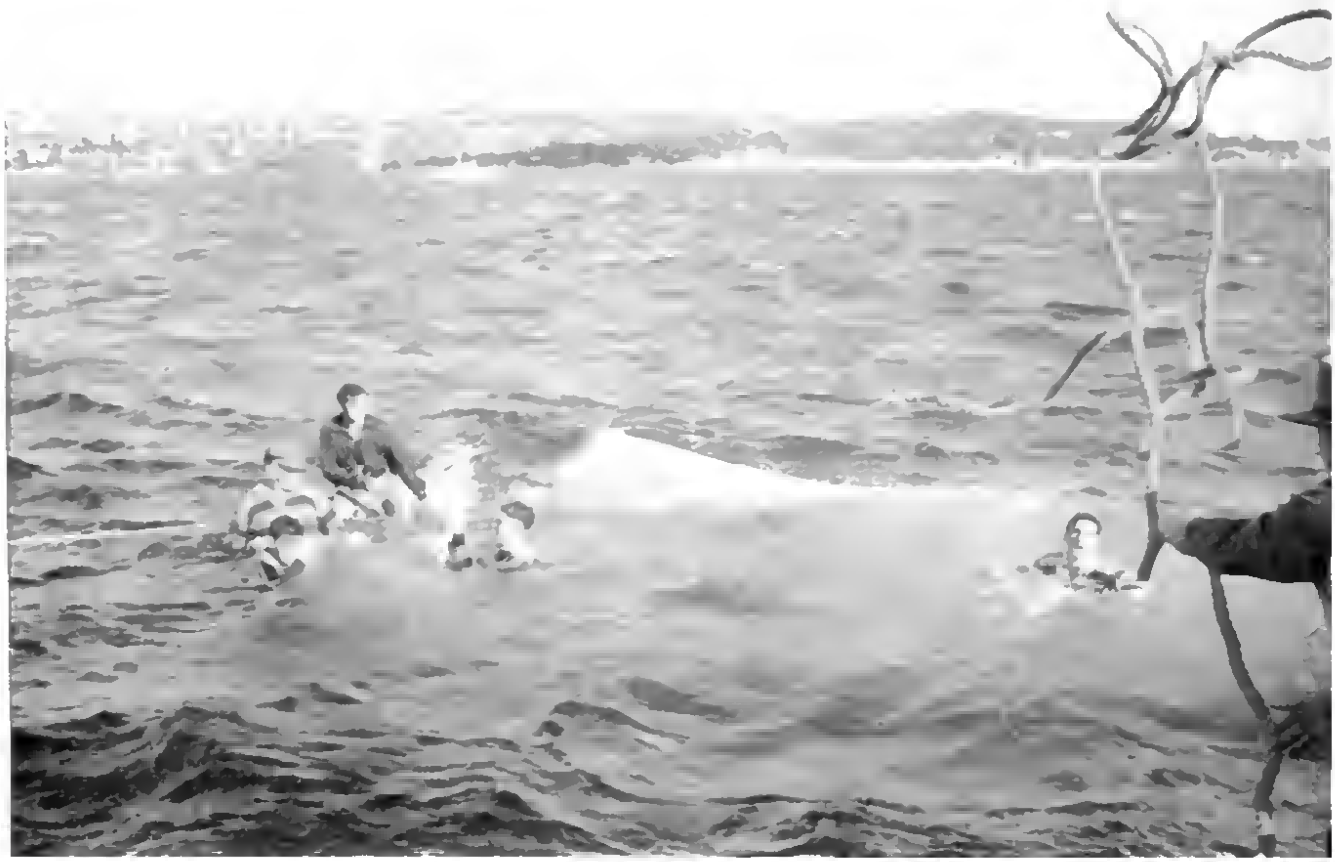
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

SAILING DOWN UNDER





AUSTRALIAN YACHTSMEN in search of perilous sport crowd 1,640 square feet of sail on 18-foot skiffs and head out into the windswept waters of Sydney harbor. Four to six men are needed to handle and hold down the boats, which have a 34-foot mast, a batwing spinnaker on a 52-foot hollow boom and a featherweight hull of 230 pounds. Under full sail and with crews experimenting with a variety of riggings, 18-footers frequently leap out of the water or occasionally dive beneath it.





MRS. VIOLET MATHIESON, THE CLUB PRESIDENT, STARTS HER GOLF ROUND WITH A KICK



MRS. F. L. STANDART of the Castlewood Women's Golf Club near Oakland, Calif. wears

FOLLIES OF

Both baseball and golf have endured many trials while evolving from yesterday's informal pastimes into today's highly stylized sports. Just how durable they really are was again proved on two recent occasions. Near Oakland, Calif. ladies from the Castlewood Women's Golf Club, trying to recapture bygone days in a Roaring Twenties tournament (*above*), almost sent the game back to the shepherds. In New York, the celebrity patrons of two



ROCKY GRAZIANO, who caught for Toots Shor, argues with Al Schacht of "21" before felling Schacht with a supposedly fake punch.



EDDIE ARCARO, the jockey, finds a baseball harder to hit than a horse. Umpire let him keep swinging until he connected.



muddy blouse, sailor tie and gym bloomers as she tees off for Roaring Twenties tournament.



MRS. HARVEY BRACKETT tries hazard drive, her feet encased in cardboard cartons.

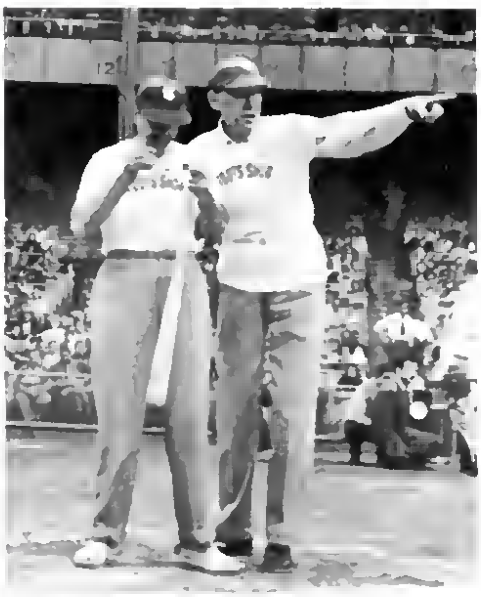


MRS. NORMAN MILLER putts with mallet. She won prize for best costume.

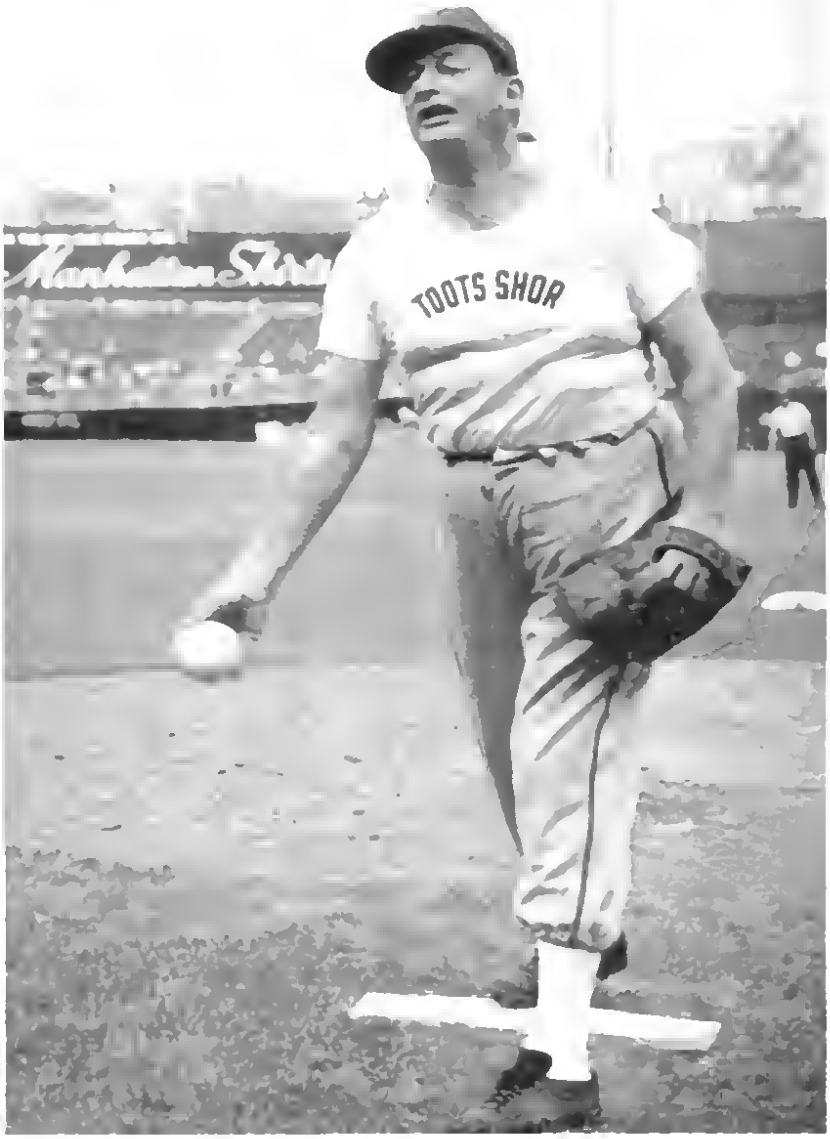
RESTAURATEUR SHOR SERVES AN ANEMIC SLOW BALL FOR CUSTOMERS AT YANKEE STADIUM

SPORT: 1955

famed restaurants—Toots Shor's and "21"—staged a softball prologue to a Yankee-Giant exhibition for the benefit of sandlot baseball. Despite their fine intentions the exhibition quickly turned into a comedy of exhibitionism. By the time "Shor's Crumbums" took a slight decision from the " '21' Gentlemen," there was some question whether Abner Doubleday or whoever the responsible party was had done the right thing by the stick and the ball.



ROBERT E. SHERWOOD shows diamond to Phil Silvers, whose spectacles were fogged.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL HALKETT

EVERYBODY GETS IN THE SWIM



ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST Father John Donelon used powerful crawl, hoping his speed would get him across before the cold sapped his strength. He was pulled from the water after only two hours 26 minutes. Father Donelon expects to try again next year.



GERMAN IMMIGRANT John Giese of Vancouver made unscheduled try but was a flop, lasting 40 minutes, covering less than a mile.



BRITISH COLUMBIA COED Pat Russell trained for three months but quit after seven hours, nine miles from finish.

The bone-chilling waters of Juan de Fuca Strait teem with humans hopeful of being the first to swim the tortuous 18 miles between Victoria, B.C. and Port Angeles, Washington



TACOMA LOGGER Bert Thomas tried four times. His best effort covered 12 miles, kept him in the water more than 10 hours.



VICTORIA SURVEYOR Bill Muir, like all other entries, used grease to ward off cold, but cramps ended his attempt after nine miles.

TORONTO SCHOOLGIRL Janice White climbed aboard the escort boat without any help after slightly better than six hours in 48° water.





ALEC CUSHING SURVEYS THE VALLEY HE CHANGED FROM A REMOTE SIERRA COW PASTURE TO THE MOST TALKED-OF SKI RESORT IN THE WORLD

BONANZA IN SQUAW VALLEY

by DAVID HULBURD

A former New York law clerk parlayed some deep powder snow and low-pressure salesmanship to secure the 1960 Olympics for the U.S.

IN the large, bare, but extremely prosperous second-floor dining room of the Racquet and Tennis Club on Park Avenue last week, a tall, redheaded man named Alexander Cochrane Cushing was holding court over a plate of cold salmon. People named Whitney and Mortimer, his old friends from Groton, Harvard and the North Shore of Long Island, milled around offering congratulations. Squaw Valley, Cushing's own hand-tailored ski resort, had just been awarded the 1960 Olympic Winter Games and Alec was tasting his triumph. The International Olympic Committee meeting in Paris the second and third weeks in June picked Squaw Valley when, after a bitterly contested vote, two European delegates swung into line and pushed the resort across. Just back from Paris, Cushing was passing through New York to spend the Fourth of July weekend with friends and to talk with Lyman Bingham of the U.S. Olympic Committee about getting preparations under way.

Squaw Valley has a long way to go. With the games already in his fist, Cushing has no bobsled run, no ski jump and no hockey or speed-skating rink. None of this seemed to bother him. He acted as though the building job were already done and, in fact, seemed to feel that the award of the games had been in the bag for months.

No one else felt that way. To most Americans the selection of Squaw Valley came as a distinct surprise. Representatives of the top European resorts were downright shocked. Although Squaw Valley had indeed been rated one of the 12 top ski sites in the U.S. (SI, Dec. 6), it was, as ski resorts go, comparatively new and unknown to a great many skiers. What made its selection even more remarkable was the fact that Squaw Valley's founder, chief stockholder and very active general manager, Alec Cushing, had had no previous employment beyond a brief fling in corporate law and seemed, therefore, to have all the qualifications for running a ski resort that, say, Leo Durocher might have for running the *Queen Mary*. How then did it happen that, against competitive bidding from such established places as Innsbruck, Garmisch and St. Moritz, this relative newcomer, operated by a comparative novice, should win the games from a tough-minded committee of winter sport experts and thus overnight become the most talked-about ski resort in the U.S. if not the world?

Alec Cushing hinted at the answer one day last winter, six months before the IOC's decision. Sitting on a sun deck outside his ski lodge, he stretched his long legs, leaned back and surveyed the scene around him. He looked at the brown-timbered lodge house with its huge picture windows, its enormous fireplace and its steeply slanted roof piled high with snow. He looked out over the neat little valley that seemed not much larger than a football field and was now swarming with men, women and children on skis. He looked, finally, up at the mountains towering above the valley floor, with their ski lifts strung out like so many flying trapezes. Then he said, "I've made mistakes here. I'll probably make more. But mistakes can be corrected. You can't change those mountains, though, and we've got damn good ones—Alpine mountains, with wonderful snow."

Cushing was right. Good snow and good mountains are as essential to good skiing as good ice is to a skating rink. But mountains alone don't make a ski resort. The only reason this place called Squaw Valley is in business and the chief reason it is a success is Alexander Cochrane Cushing.

ALL-NIGHTER

The first time Alec got on a pair of skis he was wearing the trousers to his dinner clothes. That happened in the winter of 1937 when, after an impromptu and all-night train trip from Boston in the company of a great deal of hard liquor and a few friends from Harvard, he found himself in the cold dead of day on a slope at Mont Gabriel in the Canadian Laurentians. "Up to that time," Cushing has since said, "I'd always hated cold weather. But the air was so invigorating I didn't even have a hangover. I had one hell of a good time that weekend. The last day they had a race and challenged me to enter. I did. I didn't know how to take a turn or check, so I just went straight down hill, too scared to sit down. I took a spill, finally, over the finish line and splintered the skis I'd borrowed. They disqualified me, but I still say I won the race."

This rather carefree introduction to skiing was not, in a sense, out of keeping with the rest of Cushing's prewar career. After graduating from college, he took a trip around the world, came back for a degree at the Harvard Law School and then went to Washington for a brief stint with the government's antitrust forces. Back in New York after a year, he married one of the three very fashionable Cutting sisters, took a minor job in the proper old law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardner and Reid and became a member of that corps of well-bred eastern socialites who distinguished themselves, if at all, on the playing fields of Long Island. When the war came, he spent four years as liaison officer in the Naval Air Transport Service. And by the time he was mustered out in March, 1946, he had strong doubts about a law career. For the first nine months, however, he stuck with it; but then he started roaming the country, looking for (1) a place to start a ski resort, (2) money to build the resort.

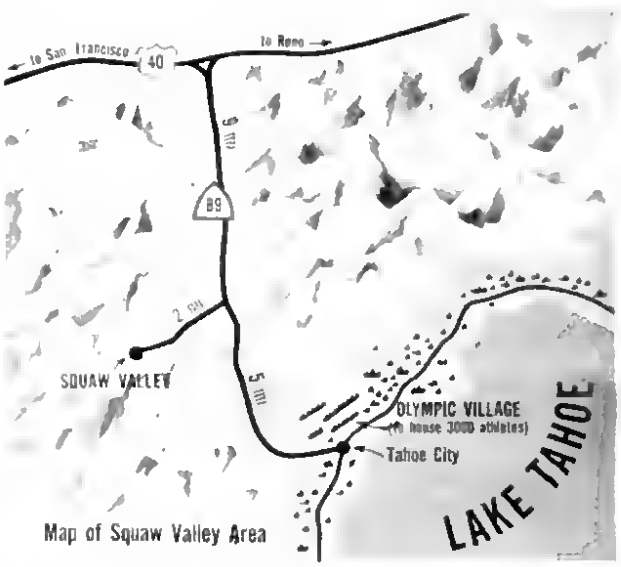
At one point he got distracted and thought of taking up farming. He went so far as to enroll, briefly, at an agricultural college. "But one day," he remembers, "the professor was holding up a cabbage and lecturing. I looked at that cabbage and it seemed to keep turning into a golf ball. That was the end of my farming." From golf balls his mind wandered back to skiing, and there it remained.

In the winter of 1947 Cushing set off on an expedition into the deep snow country of the West. Laurence Rockefeller, whom Cushing had known in Washington during the war, had told him about some property his family owned near Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Cushing looked at it and concluded it was too remote for the come-one come-all type of layout he was considering. (This year the Rockefellers are developing that property on their own.) He made several pack trips into another even more remote spot, in central California. This one had "the finest snow I'd ever seen," but was so inaccessible that "it would have cost a fortune just to get people in and out." During this winter he and his wife Justine drove 14,000 miles, touring from Aspen in Colorado to Sun Valley in Idaho, to Mount Hood and Mount Baker in the Northwest, to Banff and Lake Louise in Canada.

Finally, in the winter of 1948, the Cushings organized still another western trip, this time with Justine's sister Josephine and her husband Alexander McFadden, a wealthy cotton broker who had roomed with Alec at Harvard. McFadden was Alec's closest friend and had promised to come in on any venture Cushing might propose. The expedition's ultimate goal was Squaw Valley; but the trip ended abruptly and in stark tragedy at the very first stop —Aspen. There, the day before they were scheduled to move on, Cushing and McFadden set out for a last run, leaving their wives in the lodge. At 2 o'clock on this February afternoon they were suddenly, swiftly struck by the one great nightmare of all skiers everywhere: an avalanche. Although Cushing was buried up to his neck, he was able to dig himself out little the worse for wear. McFadden was hopelessly buried beneath 30 feet of snow. They found his body the next morning. The trip was over.

Back east once more, Cushing was faced with a big decision. "I *realized*," he says, "that I had to give the whole idea up then and there or plow right back in." He plowed right back, and in three weeks was out west again. By the end of that summer he was sure he had seen enough, and knew enough, to decide definitely on the Squaw Valley site. It seemed to offer all the things he considered necessary for a successful skiing operation. The main east-west line of the Southern Pacific had a stop at Truckee, only 14 miles away; the main east-west highway was only 9 miles from the mouth of the valley (*see map*); and the Reno airport 45 miles distant was open the year around. Equally important, the natural physical properties of the

continued on next page



LOCATION OF RESORT near major highway linking San Francisco with Reno is shown on above map of the eastern Sierra.

SQUAW VALLEY

continued from page 29

place were ideal to attract the greatest variety of skiers. The mountains were high. There were many kinds of slopes and trails, from gentle ones to slopes so steep the snow lay almost beyond the angle of repose. There were excellent snow conditions, with a guaranteed pack each year, and beyond that the valley offered every kind of exposure and plenty of pure mountain sunshine.

Cushing had managed, even while looking for the location, to raise most of the $400,000 he needed to get going. He had $25,000 from his good friend, Jock McLean. He talked many other friends and friends of friends into giving up small amounts. He had a sizable $35,000 from Laurence Rockefeller, and he himself put in $75,000. Rockefeller later put in another $15,000; and before he was through, Cushing and his family had put in close to $350,000, which was used for improving and expanding the resort after it had opened.

Through a stock deal Cushing paid the equivalent of $10,000 for the 600 acres of valley land. Certain sections of land in the surrounding mountains were owned by the government; but by the following May he had wangled permission from the Forest Service to build a ski lift on the federal property. Then he went to work.

The task of setting up a ski resort, Cushing soon discovered, meant a number of rather startling projects, not the least of which was convincing his wife, whose family's Manhattan town house has a floor area roughly the size of Madison Square Garden, that Squaw Valley was the place for them. When Alec first took her over to look at the virtually uninhabited little valley and asked her how she'd like to live there, she replied coldly, "Are you crazy?"

Then there was the task of building a road into the upper end of the valley from the state highway two and a half miles away, building a lodge and other accommodations for an indefinite number of guests and building a ski lift the likes of which had not been seen before.

After his work crew had hacked a road of sorts in from the main highway, Cushing simplified his next problem first by farming out the construction of the lodge house to a local contractor and second by buying from the Air Force at Reno a batch of one-story officers' barracks, loading them on flat trucks and carting them bodily to Squaw Valley to be set up as guest quarters. To house his family he selected, as temporary quarters, a hastily remodeled hot dog stand hard by the site for the foot of the main lift.

Then he turned his attention to the lift itself, the greatest challenge and the one that had to be met correctly. With the advice of local residents who knew the terrain, he conceived an extraordinarily long cable lift that would operate as a single continuous unit. He wanted a double-chair but to his surprise he discovered there was at that time only one in existence in the U.S., at Berthoud Pass in Colorado. When he wrote to the leading ski-lift manufacturers asking for bids on his specifications, most of them replied that they would build the kind of lift they had always built or not build one at all. The one exception was an engineer in Denver named Robert Heron, who had built the double-chair in Colorado. In a long and detailed letter Heron outlined what he thought he could do for Squaw Valley. After several interviews, the two men got down to business, and Cushing signed the contract for the lift, to cost in the neighborhood of $170,000, with Heron agreeing to help supervise construction.

It was a major engineering project. When workers had finished bulldozing another road from the floor of the valley up the mountainside, they were faced with the job of dynamiting and blasting tremendous holes to pour concrete for the foundations of the 26 giant steel towers. Some idea of the scale of the undertaking can be gathered from the fact that the towers had to stand the strain of a spool of cable weighing 20 tons and that the cable in turn had to support 179 chairs each carrying two passengers for a total load of 65 tons. When it was finally completed in November the lift stretched 8,200 feet up the side of the mountain, the longest double-chair lift in the country, and it had a feature that few other ski lifts could boast: two intermediate loading and unloading platforms which gave skiers a wide choice of low and high slopes for the price of a single ride.

The official opening of Squaw Valley was scheduled for the day before Thanksgiving, 1949. That night some 90 guests were expected for a gala dinner and housewarming, and many of them were planning to spend the long holiday weekend. The opening had been widely publicized, especially in San Francisco. But the publicity had not all been happily received. Many people in San Francisco who knew Alec Cushing's background and his lack of experience and who felt that Squaw Valley was something of an interloping resort anyway were half expecting, half hoping he would fall flat on his face. He almost did.

As guests began to arrive at the lodge at 5 o'clock on Thanksgiving Eve, the infant resort looked as though it had been struck by a hurricane. The grounds were a sea of debris. China was still stacked in crates outside the lodge house. Men were still hanging curtains, papering the bar (which was without running water) and laying the cork



SKIING CUSHINGS chat between runs. Youngest daughter, 6-year-old Alexandra *(above)*, was taught to ski at age of 2 by parents Alec and Justine. Eldest daughter, 14-year-old Justine, and 10-year-old Lily, the second youngest, are also ardent skiers.

flooring in the main room. The staff was so shorthanded that a socialite friend of the Cushings, who was in Reno for her divorce, came over to help out as chambermaid. Even the wonderful new ski lift lost some of its attraction that weekend when the first riders discovered the only snow deep enough for skiing lay at the top of the mountain, at the extreme limit of even Cushing's heroic lift. Somehow, Squaw Valley muddled through to Sunday and the guests went home, declaring loudly that the grand opening had been a historic flop.

Cushing spent the next five years searching out his mistakes, improving the physical layout and learning how to run a ski resort. One error he discovered right off. He had put the front office one flight up, instead of on the ground floor where it should have been. He immediately had it moved down. He also found that he needed a downstairs bar for trippers who wanted a quick one before going home. And as he went on he found other things wrong, such as inadequate kitchen facilities and insufficient dining quarters. As money started to come in—which it soon did despite the early adverse publicity—Alec plowed it back into the property. He added a second story onto the barrackslike residence quarters, making them much larger and far more attractive. One year he put in a swimming pool; another, he added a section onto the main lodge. And he now has not one but three lifts—a supplementary lift, known as the Toonerville Trolley, that starts where the main lift ends and carries the more daring skiers another 1,200 feet almost to the top of the mountain, where the good snow lay that first horrible weekend; and last fall an entirely separate lift was opened on the slopes of an adjoining mountain. This one is a swift-moving affair designed by a Polish engineer, built to order in France and called the Flying Saucer because the ascending skier sits on a kind of platter attached to the cable.

MILLION-DOLLAR BILL

By January of 1955, even though his valley was a success by conventional standards, Cushing was working to make it a success by anyone's standards. Looking further ahead, and with more daring than any other American resort owner, he got his district senator to introduce a bill into the California legislature giving a grant of $1 million to Squaw Valley, providing he could get the 1960 Olympic Winter Games. With this promising start, Cushing flew to New York, where he out-talked Aspen, Lake Placid and Reno's Ski Bowl to win the nomination from the U.S. Olympic committee as America's candidate for 1960.

That was only the beginning. Later in the month, he took off for St. Moritz and the world bobsledding championships. There he met Switzerland's Otto Mayer, a powerful man in international skiing, and began talking carefully but persuasively about Squaw Valley. Before the conversation was over, Herr Mayer was convinced that an Olympic bid from Squaw Valley would not be completely far-fetched, and Cushing had covered the second lap in what he later called his steam roller to get the games.

While still at St. Moritz he met Donna Fox, peppery U.S. delegate to the International Bobsled Federation. They got along swimmingly, and one day Fox asked on the phone how Alec would like the 1958 world bobsled championships for Squaw Valley. "Bobsled! Hell," said Cushing, "I haven't even got a run." This little difficulty, however, was swiftly hurdled—Cushing doesn't say how—and after a meeting of the International Bobsled Federation, Squaw Valley had its first international prize.

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LONGEST CHAIR LIFT of its type in U.S., Squaw Valley's single continuous cable stretches 8,200 feet up side of mountain.

CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT: WALTER ALSTON



Says the Dodgers' manager: "I could go out there and raise hell with the umpire and jump up and down—but I don't think I will"

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPOOL

THEY'VE got me pictured as a quiet and dead kind of a guy," Walter Alston said, not complaining but just stating a fact. "Everybody seems to think I'm pretty easygoing and I probably am. Last year I think I hated to lose as badly as anybody, but I had the feeling that I did the very best that I knew how and the very best that I could do. I didn't have any guilt-consciousness that I shoulda done this or I shoulda done that.

"I always heard the fans here in Brooklyn were really tough, but when the season was over I felt they were even better to me than they might be. I've had no second-guessing or interference from the front office on the ball field. That's very good. It's only natural to want people on your side, but you've got to expect some for you and some against you, especially when you're in this business. You may look real bad one day, and the next day you come out looking like champions."

Thus far Alston's Dodgers, leading the National League by a dozen games, have looked like champions most of the time. Last week Alston himself, a 43-year-old, long-legged ex-schoolteacher, looked comfortably at home sitting behind his desk in his white and royal-blue Dodger uniform No. 24. On the shiny red outer door leading to his office in the clubhouse at Ebbets Field there is no name plate. Only the word "Manager" is printed there, emphasizing the expendable nature of such jobs.

"When I came here," Alston said, "nobody had heard of me, I guess, except in Montreal and St. Paul, but many of these guys had played for me before in the Brooklyn farms. I had always gotten along with them and I didn't anticipate any trouble with anybody.

ALSTON FACE reflects owner's complex and—to many—baffling personality.

"No, I wasn't scared when I got the job. When you've been in baseball as long as I have, well, it's just another game. Things are so much the same in AAA clubs and here. Here you have more fans and the pressure's a little more and there's more at stake but, after all, it's the same baseball game wherever you play it."

Alston—who taught science, biology and industrial arts and coached basketball as well—meted out learning and discipline with equal authority during his scholastic years. Once he spanked a seventh-grade student for "fooling around the water cooler."

"But you can't get away with that in the East," Alston grinned. Instead he imposes fines, suspensions or warnings to bring his class of major leaguers to order.

"To be a good manager you have to have good players," Alston said. "That's 100%, and I'm lucky. Very much so. This club is pretty much professionals who conduct themselves on and off the field as pros, and they don't get much discipline in that regard. I would like to treat everybody fair and square and equal with no pets or favoritism to anyone, and yet in order to get the best out of them, you may have to

DUKE SNIDER SAYS:

"Walt is a very easygoing man. He leaves you on your own unless you start going bad, and then he'll try his best to get you on the right track."

kick one in the pants or pat the other on the back, and if that's being fair, O.K. You try to treat everybody the same, but you've got to do it a little different way."

Next door to Alston's office, in the locker rooms, the Dodgers were suiting up for the game.

"We have plenty of time to talk," Alston said, "they'll ring a five-minutes warning bell." He lit a cigarette and settled back in his swivel chair.

"This year somebody said I was changed, but in my own mind that isn't true. I don't think I've managed any different. The big difference in the club standing is easy to see, that Newcombe is pitching very good like he did before he went into the service. He's had no sore arm. Campanella's hand was certainly all right and he's hitting a lot better, and we got a lot of help from Roebuck in relief. In fact the whole pitching staff has been better.

"Robinson is in better condition than last year. At least he's not bothered with injuries. His weight is down and he's been a big help to us. Jackie is very good on the bases. He knows his baseball very well. The thing that happened in the spring, of course, got into the papers, and by the time it got around two or three times it was a lot

ROY CAMPANELLA SAYS:

"He's not the holler-type guy like some of the fellas we're used to, but he has his way of getting things done. When he has a beef coming, he'll let you know."

bigger than it actually was. Jackie and I got our differences settled in one day and we were all ready to go to work again. Jack certainly wants to win. Although he's lost some of his speed, he has one of the best reflexes in running, hunting and making plays. His reactions on the bases and his quick starts and stops make him still one of the best base runners we got.

"When we win a ball game," Alston continued, "we come in here and we're just as happy as hell. One day it's Snider or Hodges or Newcombe or whoever it is—the club wants to win and where the credit goes doesn't matter.

"Certainly it doesn't to me. I think it takes support from all 25 of them, clear down to the 25th man.

"When I went home to Darrtown [Ohio] last winter," he continued, "I studied about the ball club and looked over the records and thought about what could be done this year. I think about it as much as anybody, I suppose, but I don't go to the place where I don't enjoy myself off season. My dad, he lives just across the street. He's part-time retired. He works in the summer when I'm playing ball and in the winter he takes the time off.

"Three years ago we built our house. My dad laid all the bricks and mixed the mortar. He's pretty neat with his

DON NEWCOMBE SAYS:

"All I wanted to do was pitch and help the ball club, but I didn't figure in his plans then and I wanted to know why. Of course the newspapers made a mountain of it, but it wasn't exactly nothin'."

work. It probably took him a little longer than some of 'em, but he did a smash job. Last winter we did some hunting and we played around in the carpentry shop in our basement. In fact we made an extra room there, all pine-paneled, and that took my mind off baseball.

"After dinner, dad would come over and we'd play a couple of games of pool. I built a billiard room. We'd watch the fights on TV and play cards—pitch. We play bridge too. Dad and I against my mother-in-law and my mother. That's quite a battle," he grinned. "We get into a few arguments, but nothing serious."

This coming winter Alston will have additional bridge hands in the house. His only child, Doris, 22, and her husband, Harry Ogle, a former Air Force sergeant, along with their blond, bat-swinging 2-year-old son, Robin Dean, will live with the Alstons while Ogle resumes his schooling at the University of Miami in Ohio, his father-in-law's alma mater.

"My home life is pretty pleasant," Alston said. "It's what I'm used to, and I couldn't get out of character if I tried. It kind of depends upon how you've been brought up and how you are. Why, I can stand in my back door and shoot chicken hawks off the fence.

"Darrtown has only 156 people. You got plenty of parking space there. When I start home and get within half a block of my house, I can just turn the switch off and let it coast. Wherever the car stops, that's all right.

"We got a grocery store, a filling station, a garage and a hitching post. The hitching post is a little bar. The fellow who owns it is a good guy and every Christmas he puts on a party

JACKIE ROBINSON SAYS:

"Last spring he let me know he was going to do the bossing whether I liked it or not. The fact that he did it made him gain stature in my eyes."

for all the kids. Last year there were about 1,200 there. They sure all don't come from Darrtown 'cause we've got only 156 people.

"As far back as I can remember I wanted to play ball. That was the big thing. We lived on a farm near Morning Sun, Ohio, and there was nobody to play with, neighbors or anything. When the old man wasn't out there to play catch with me, I was bouncing the ball around on the barn door. That's how I got my nickname, Smokey, 'cause I used to have a real fast fireball.

"We moved to Darrtown when I was in the seventh or eighth grade. I sold my pony and bought a bicycle. In Darrtown, there was a big vacant lot, sort of a commons. Some man kept it real nice and grassy and green, and we'd play ball there. My dad was

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interested in ball and he supplied the balls and bats for us. I'd get the kids together—I wouldn't want to say I ran the thing—but in order to get to play ball, I'd gather up a few kids. If you want it you have to organize it, all right. I think that went on in high school when I was captain of the baseball and basketball teams and also in college. Organizing things came sort of natural and easy to me. I was a pitcher, but when I started college they wouldn't let the pitchers do much hitting in batting practice. I liked to hit, so I became a shortstop."

Before he went to college Alston married his high school sweetheart, Lela Alexander. They lived first with her folks and then his, but to finance his education he drove a laundry truck, worked in the school cafeteria and racked balls in a pool hall. After graduation he played professional ball in the summer and taught school and coached basketball in the winter.

"When you're in the minors you don't make much money, and teaching isn't the most profitable thing in the world," he said mildly, "but between the two we did all right. The only thing is, it overlapped. Whenever I took a teaching job I told the superintendent I was playing pro ball and wanted it understood I was going to leave when the ball season opened. They had to get a substitute for me every spring, and they got tired of that. To be blunt about it, they fired me.

" 'You have to choose between baseball and school,' they said.

"I said, 'Well, if you put it like that, there's no doubt in my mind, it's going to be baseball.' "

Three years ago, he retired from teaching.

"I suppose the darkest part of my career was when I first began to realize I wasn't going to make it as a player," Alston said. "I played AAA ball a few years, and that's about it. I had enough power, but I couldn't hit often enough, which is the trouble with a lot of fellows. I was never any speed merchant either. I hit over .300 most of the time in the minor leagues, but I couldn't hit the good pitching, just the mediocre pitching."

HIS WIFE SAYS:

"He was the high school hero. People were already looking up to him for direction. He's never quiet, but on a bad day he doesn't want to talk baseball."

Even the memory of this failure, reflected in his sensitive face, saddened Alston. But after a moment he went on.

"In 1936 the Cardinals bought me at the end of the season. There was a month to go, and except for one time at bat when I struck out I sat on the bench. I had only sat on the bench twice in the minor leagues. It's tough sitting on the bench."

His voice trailed off. He knew how his own rookies felt sitting on the sidelines, itching to play, to hit the home run that wins the game and the glory.

"Up until I went back to the minors I didn't give much thought to managing. A player, especially a young player, doesn't think too much about how he would manage or what he would do in certain situations. He just takes the orders and hunts when he's supposed to and does what the manager says."

In the fall of 1953, when Walter O'Malley, president of the Dodgers, was looking for a manager to replace Charley Dressen, Walter Alston, who had been on the Dodgers' farm payroll for eight summers, never applied for the job.

"I knew he knew what I could do," Alston said quietly. "If he wanted me, he'd come and get me."

There was joy in Darrtown that November night when Alston's appointment was announced. He flew to New York to meet the press and make it official and when he returned home the townsfolk turned out with welcoming signs and picnic baskets.

"It was a real nice party," Alston said with a shy smile.

His reception in Brooklyn was less cordial. The press, accustomed to the pyrotechnics of Leo Durocher and Charley Dressen, was baffled by Alston's seeming mildness.

"Well, I'm going to be just the way I am and I'm not going to put on any fancy stuff just to impress people," Alston said, recalling that trying period. "I could go out there and raise hell with the umpire and jump up and down, but I don't think I will. I want it so that when I do go out there I've got a legitimate reason, and it'll do more good that way.

"I'm not superstitious, but you just don't do anything to change the luck. When your line-up is hitting pretty much like ours, you say, 'Well, we'll go pretty much the same as we did last night.' As long as everybody's hitting and you're winning your share of the games, you don't have to worry about switching around very much. Your main problem is you set up your pitching and keep them in rotation and give the guys who need it an extra day's rest, and pitch them against the club you want them to pitch against. For instance, Russ Meyer has always gone good against the Cubs. We try to work it so Meyer'll pitch against the Cubs and probably Erskine against Milwaukee.

"When you're on the defensive, you're worrying about your line-up and who you have coming up next, whether they're right- or left-handed batters, and if your pitcher gets in trouble, whether you have a good pitcher in the bull pen. Sometimes you want a right-hander and a left-hander warming up—if you've got a left-hander available. We don't have many left-handers. You may want Roebuck

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ALSTON LINE-UP includes Walter, with Grandson Robin, 2; Mrs. Alston; daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ogle; Mrs. Alston's mother, Mrs. Grace Alexander.



DEFICIT AT HAPPY KNOLL

Money isn't everything in country club life, but on the other hand somebody has to pay the upkeep

by J. P. MARQUAND

A confidential letter to Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus of the Happy Knoll Country Club, from his friend, Mr. Roger Horlick, member of the Board of Governors.

Dear Albert:

All the old crowd were in the men's bar last Saturday afternoon. The bad weather had kept the newer element out of the place so that we were able to discuss the personalities of certain fellow members with such freedom that several of us wished verbally that you might have been with us. By the way, I am afraid it will not surprise you to learn that there is going to be another deficit this year, and the time is drawing close when we shall again have to pass the hat.

I know very well what you are going to say, because you have said it year after year and so has every one else who has been approached on these unhappy occasions. You are going to say there are a whole lot of richer people than you in the Happy Knoll Country Club. You are going to say that you are sick of being a jolly good fellow carrying a burden which should be more evenly distributed among a lot of other people you can mention, and then as always you will bring up Mr. Hugo Lassiter of Lassiter, Briscoe, Bevins, Inc., outdoor advertising specialists, in case you have forgotten his firm's purpose. You will say, why, specifically, did we ever take Lassiter into the club, especially when we knew all about Mrs. Lassiter who, by the way, has again behaved very badly at the St. Valentine's Day Dance? Mr. Lassiter, you will be right in reminding us, was elected to membership largely because we hoped we could interest him in the welfare of Happy Knoll. Well, as of now we have not been able to interest Mr. Lassiter, although a lot of time has been devoted to the effort. It seems that presidents of advertising agencies have developed an even greater skill than presidents of other corporations for taking in money and never giving it out. Furthermore, it appears that some of the very ablest, and don't tell me that Mr. Lassiter isn't able, still believe that if you look out for the pennies the dollars will look out for themselves. I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that this old adage is no longer true under the present confiscatory income tax. I advanced the same thesis to Lassiter only the other day when he was using the club stationery in the Pendleton Room for semibusiness correspondence, but he did not agree. He said that even in the ultimate tax bracket one can save a cent or two on the dollar and if you save the pennies the dollars look out for themselves. Frankly, Mr. Lassiter further practices this philosophy by availing himself of Happy Knoll to the uttermost, using all the varied hair lotions in the men's locker room, according to old Tim, the attendant, and also four bath towels after every golf game. He will be approached again of course.

At 6 o'clock promptly the members of the Board of Governors, all six of us, adjourned from the bar to the Pendleton Room for the customary midmonth meeting. Since a number of decisions had to be made, the session was livelier than ordinary. The proceedings were complicated by our finding a new member from Foxrun Road, a Mr. Bert Byles, whom I do not think you have met, asleep on the leather-upholstered sofa that stands in the Trophy Corner. It had been rumored in the bar that Mrs. Byles had been trying to reach him by telephone all afternoon. He was very hard to arouse, but when on his feet was most apologetic. He said he was humiliated to be found asleep and that he would like to explain the circumstances since he was a new member who valued every moment he spent at the Happy Knoll Country Club. He had simply come to the Pendleton Room for a little quiet thought after lunch and must have dropped off. The week had been difficult for him in a business way, what with one thing and another, and also there were personal difficulties, but he did not want to bore the Board of Governors with his personal troubles. He never wanted to bore anybody and he knew we were busy, but he did have personal troubles. He wanted to know whether Mrs. Byles had been trying to get him on the telephone and when he was told that a search had been made for him and that he could not be found,

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CANADA CREATES A GREAT

Two famous fish, the brook and the lake trout, have been crossbred to

A NEWLY CREATED kind of trout is swimming in Canadian water this summer. It is an eager, handsome fish, fast-growing and with a roving eye for food. This trout, first called a splake and recently renamed wendigo, is the fulfillment of a dream nurtured for more than half a century by aquatic biologists, for it is a successful cross, or hybrid. Fish crosses occur rarely in nature and the progeny of such a mating between separate species (usually of the same family) is likely to be infertile. But the wendigo trout can reproduce itself. It is here to stay.

It took an ingenious Canadian game warden named James E. Stenton, whose bailiwick for the past 19 years has been the Lake Minnewanka District of Banff National Park in Alberta, to achieve this biologic miracle. Stenton, a keen naturalist as well as a warden, crossed a female lake trout with a male brook trout in a homemade hatchery he constructed in an abandoned tunnel under a dam. Daily Stenton examined the precious eggs lying in wooden troughs in the chill dark. Finally they "eyed," meaning they had been fertilized and—at length—the tiny orange jewels hatched.

To fully appreciate this feat one must take a brief look at the history of trying to create trout hybrids. In 1880 R. B. Roosevelt reported that he had tried to mate male brook trout with West Coast salmon. The resulting hybrids were all females and when he attempted to strip them of their eggs for artificial fertilization he found them too large to pass through the vents. He thereupon resorted to surgery and exposed the eggs to the milt of normal male trout. Not an egg became fertilized.

In 1887 Francis Day claimed he obtained hybrids by crossing Atlantic salmon, trout and char, and Tarleton Bean in 1889 reported surviving specimens of brook-rainbow- and brook-lake-trout crosses. In 1906 J. A. Richardson, experimenting in Karluk, Alaska, obtained astonishing results when he attempted to cross the five species of



WENDIGO TROUT, here shown about half life size, has characteristic tail and fin markings of a brookie, with spotting and body lines like a laker's.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY ROWED

NEW TROUT

produce an exciting newcomer called a wendigo

by GILBERT PAUST

Pacific salmon. He had well-formed fry from the union of the dog and humpback salmon, but the hybrids of the dog and king salmon had long pointed noses and were eyeless.

Stenton learned that some biologists had been on the verge of success, at least as far as the brook-lake-trout cross was concerned, but had never continued their experiments, dropping them without explanation. This intrigued and annoyed him.

The lake trout in Minnewanka were Stenton's primary responsibility. Since 1940, when a new dam was erected at the lake, part of his job was to make a yearly census of the lakers by means of gill nets to determine the effect of the 65-foot change in water level on the fish population. In 1945, after completing that season's census, Stenton stopped and considered. Every year he had an abundance of lake trout at his fingertips. All he needed were the brook trout and he could perform his own experimenting.

In the fall of the following year, 1946, he dipped his nets into the Vermilion Lakes near the town of Banff and hauled in a supply of brook trout. Then he dipped into Minnewanka for his lakers. He stripped the fish of eggs and milt and tried two crosses: the male brook with the female laker, and the female brook with the male laker. Then his problem was to find some place where he could rear his charges.

The Banff Hatchery wouldn't do; that year the town was experimenting with the chlorination of its drinking water which also supplied the hatchery pools. If the eggs died in this environment, his experiment would prove nothing except that his fish couldn't survive the chlorine. He needed dark incubating troughs with plenty of pure running water which wouldn't freeze in Alberta's 50-below-zero winter weather.

Beneath the Minnewanka Dam was a tunnel which extended far under the lake, and through it ran a wood-stave

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NEW TROUT

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pipe which supplied water during the forest-fire season to the Cascade River, now dried up by the new construction. This tunnel became Stenton's hatchery. The head of water maintained in the pipe through the winter fed his two homemade rearing troughs. Since this water came from 55 feet below the surface of the ice-covered lake, its temperature never dropped below 38° Fahrenheit and remained constant all winter.

Stenton tended his offspring daily by flashlight. He saw the eggs of the female brook trout, which had been fertilized by milt from the male lake trout, burst and die; they were too small for the large embryos. But those of the other cross remained healthy and grew.

For one period of five days in November he left the eggs unguarded. When he returned he found that the fungus *Saprolegnia* had destroyed 4,000 of them. In January, after it had been determined that the chlorination had not affected the tenants of Banff Hatchery to any appreciable degree, he moved the remaining 1,000 "eyed" eggs to that institution for the remainder of their incubation period. They all hatched, and 1,000 wendigo trout first saw the light of day. But a short time later, an overdose of chlorine accidentally found its way into Banff's water and 95% of the hatchery's fish population perished, including Stenton's precious hybrids.

In the fall of 1947 he tried again and this time the water supply didn't fail him. In the spring of 1948 about 7,500 wendigos were darting about in the pools, and 2,500 of their kin were en route to the University of Toronto, which had requested them after hearing of Stenton's success.

The wendigo has grown as rapidly, and indicates it will grow as large, as the lake trout. Five-, 6- and 7-pound specimens from the 1947 cross are still at Banff. The fish is not sterile as are most true hybrids; second and third generations have been produced artificially in the hatchery. There are indications it might follow the reproductive habits of the brook trout.



TROUT'S CREATOR, Game Warden James E. Stenton, fly-casts for wendigos in lovely Herbert Lake in the Canadian Rockies, one of two first stocked with his new fish.

Wendigos show a definite increase in hardiness over the brook trout. In 1953 there were 140,000 brook-trout fry and 5,000 wendigo fry in the Jasper Hatchery, Jasper National Park, in Alberta. An unidentified disease swept the pools and left only 200 brook-trout fry whereas 2,000 young wendigos lived for future stocking. Gerald E. Bailey, Superintendent of the Banff Hatchery, is convinced the new fish are not only healthier but adapt more readily to very cold or muddy water.

In appearance the first-generation fish show a blend of the characteristic markings of both parents. The second and third generations, however, reveal a strong tendency to revert to either the brook or the laker.

The first cross has an olive-green back with numerous vermiculations and a white belly. The bluish-silver sides carry many lemon-yellow and pale-pink spots but generally the red spots and blue halos common to the brook trout are missing. The dorsal fin is heavily spotted. Most specimens show the square tail of the brook trout and the elongated body of the lake trout. But most important of all, the three generations of this larger fish have retained all the brook trout's enthusiasm for artificial lures. Like the lake trout, the wendigo haunts the bottom, but a fly or spinning lure will send it streaking to the surface. Once hooked, it exhibits fighting qualities comparable to those of its eastern sire, the brookie.

Herbert Lake in Banff National Park was one of two lakes chosen to test the new species under natural environment. In 1950 it was stocked with 300 wendigos, then 6 and 7 inches long. These were joined by 300 yearlings from a cross in 1948 which hatched in 1949.

In the cool predawn of July 15, 1952 the 13-acre bosom of this little lake high in the Canadian Rockies heaved expectantly. For two years it had nourished the fish no angler had ever killed before. On this day the lake was being opened to fishing. An hour before sunrise about a dozen anglers spanned the shoreline and began to fish. Jean-Paul Cuerrier, Chief Fisheries Biologist of the Canadian Wildlife Service, and his two assistants had taken a day off to honor the occasion. As they approached Herbert Lake with tackle ready shortly after daybreak they met fishermen already returning to their cars with their limits of five fish, each over 8 inches long. By 10 a.m. about 75 of the 300 larger wendigos had been taken, the largest weighing more than 2 pounds. By the end of the third day, the lake had been practically fished out and only the younger, undersized trout remained. These are being offered fishermen next week when the lake is open again for the first time since 1952 (see facing page for a listing of wendigo waters and regulations).

Tiny Lake Agnes was also stocked but is not available for public fishing because biologists are watching it carefully for evidence of natural spawning.

The original name, splake, was assigned to the fish by the biologists of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, the term being a contraction

of the words "speckled" (brook trout are commonly called speckled trout in the Northeast) and "lake." It has been generally disliked. The Quebec Department of Fish and Game has come up with the word moulac, which is a contraction of the French words, *mouchetée*, meaning speckled, and *lac*, meaning lake. Still, no loud cheers.

Carling Brewery, Ltd., in Ontario, sponsored a contest to find a more euphonious name for the splake. Thus the word wendigo was brewed and the winner received a rod, reel and line. The term is taken from Chippewa, Algonquin and Cree legends, having to do with an Indian version of the Lorelei, wherein a mysterious voice entices happy warriors from their wigwams and leads them deep into the forests in quest of the unknown.

But Canada's new trout by any name will provide thrills for all sportsmen in the seasons to come. Jean-Paul Cuerrier will attest to this. He dropped his line into Herbert Lake once more in June, 1954 and—strictly in the interest of research—in one hour caught and released 10 big splake. They are still there for the fishermen who answer the call of the wendigo. END

WENDIGO WHEREABOUTS

Canada—Herbert Lake, Banff National Park, Alberta. Open season July 15 Sept. 30. Minimum length 8 inches; bag limit 5 a day.

Edith, Mina and Dorothy lakes, Jasper National Park, Alberta. Open season Lake Edith June 1 Sept. 30. Minimum length 8 inches; 5 a day. Same regulations for Mina, Dorothy lakes, except 10 fish a day.

Ontario: Several lakes currently reported open. Write Dr. W. J. K. Harkness, Chief, Fish and Wildlife Division, Toronto, for information.

Quebec: 300 trout planted six years ago now weigh 5 to 6 pounds but no open season. More stocking planned this fall, but no fishing this year.

Manitoba. 10,000 eggs received recently for stocking Hunt Lake, Whiteshell Reserve. No open season.

United States. Panther Pond in New York on road between Saranac and Tupper lakes was stocked with 1,500 5-inch wendigos last fall. Open season continues through Sept. 11.

California received 40,000 eggs in March. About half hatched and survived, will be planted (now 2-3 inches long) this month in Lower Salmon Lake, northern wilderness area.

New Hampshire has stocked Big Dan Hole Pond, near Ossipee and Tiftonboro, with 1,425 fish averaging two to the pound. Minimum length 6 inches, 10 a day. Season open through Aug. for fly and bait, through Sept. fly only.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SO—season opened (or opens) **SC**—season closed (or closes). **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or roily; **M**—water muddy. **N**—water at normal height. **SH**—slightly high, **H**—high, **VH**—very high. **L**—low. **R**—rising. **F**—falling. **WT50**—water temperature 50°. **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair. **FP**—fishing poor. **OG**—outlook good, **OF**—outlook fair. **OP**—outlook poor.

TROUT: NEW YORK: Hot holiday weekend found Esopus fish on vacation too except to experts in early morning and evening who took on drys and nymphs. Portal still open, stream clear, constant and **OG**. Upstate streams like Ausable and Saranac **L, C**, with more skilled fishermen scoring with dry flies like Grey Fox and Light Cahill. Need rain.

PENNSYLVANIA: Yellow Breeches finally started living up to regulation with hottest spot Boiling Springs area where Light Cahill and Light Hendrickson did well. Allegheny tributaries **L, C**, and Hemlock and East Hickory providing good dry-fly action on mostly smallies. Tier streams also **L, C**, but **WT** OK.

MAINE: Fastest pond fishing for brookies in several years in northern Maine lakes. Allagash producing up to three pounds on mostly Grey Hackle and Professor. Royal Coachman favored in Haymock Pond and **OG**.

MICHIGAN: Light rains over state stimulated insect hatches with **OG** in daytime on 3X or lighter, evening **FG**, but night fishing for browns only fair until moon wanes.

IDAHO: Famed Silver Creek, near Sun Valley, opened with a bang and *Cowdung took 'em*. Pend Oreille fine for cutthroats around Cape Horn. Ice just out in most high lakes with Boulder and Laune best. South Fork of Boise and main Boise poor. Featherville area excellent. Blackfoot producing limits of big ones on woolly worms.

NEW BRUNSWICK: Trout being driven to cooler spring holes and smaller streams but **OG** in headwaters.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Upper and lower Campbell continue to be best producers, with big fish regularly to spin-fishermen at Buttle. **FG** for evening fly-fishers. Excellent reports on kamloops from Peterhope, Lejeune, Paul Knouff and other favorite spots.

OREGON: Twelve inches of snow at Timberline over holiday weekend queered fishing. Nights still cold on Deschutes, Metolius and Crooked rivers in Central Oregon, small gray and brown patterns doing well. **N, OG**.

CALIFORNIA: Streams held up well under estimated half million anglers attacking over long weekend. Easy limits for packers in high country. Cold nights holding back runoff in central region (Yuba, American and Mokelumne), Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Merced, San Joaquin and Kings. **L, C**, upper parts. Higher lakes. Yosemite Park should pick up as ice-free. Bright spots: forks of Tule, East Fork Kaweah, upper part of Kern and side creeks. Crowley on east slope tailed off but browns to 10 pounds taken on trolled chubs. West and east Walker clearing, larger fish running up rivers. Morning hatches luring dry-fly addicts.

COLORADO: Snow runoff was making some streams **H** and **SM**. Willow Lake **C**, good for flies and lures. **OG**. Upper Blue **H** and **M**, **FF**, **OG**. St. Louis Creek where our operator says Ike will catch much bigger fish next month than he did in New England. **C, N**. Says operator: "For us **OG**, for Ike, **VG**." Colorado River (Glenwood Springs area) **H**, but fair for bait and lures. **OG**. North Platte, **H** and **M**, **FF** for bait only. **OF**. Emerald Lake clear. **FG** and **OG**. White River **L, C, FF, OG**. Gunnison River receding and **C, FG**, outlook excellent.

MONTANA: Cold weather made **FG** in all Montana streams. **SH** but mostly clear. Madison River best with big trout taking flies and lures.

MUSKELLUNGE: WISCONSIN: Dry weather **FF** to excellent over all north with fish switching to surface baits and bucktails. Action reported in Cedar, Bone, McCann, Spirit, Rat and Riley lakes. Thirty-pounder from Scattering Rice Lake on natural bucktail.

MICHIGAN: Fishing in Lake St. Clair tops past week with "big fish hitting like perch" say boat liverymen. One boat landing saw anglers haul in 132 for weighin at a contest. Best bait is giant spoon trolled near surface at medium speeds around noon.

NEW YORK: **SO** Lake Chautauqua July 1 and **FG** with good size. Water level **N** and **OG**.

ONTARIO: **OG**. Callander Bay and west arm of Lake Nipissing producing well. Hay Bay near Napanee and Pointe au Baril region of Georgian Bay are other favored spots. Red and white plugs and spoons good.

BLACK BASS: NEW YORK: Ashokan opener real hot with bait fishermen taking well early a.m. and late p.m. Bass upstate, too, were obliging as **SO** with excellent takes at Silver Lake, Union Falls, Franklin Falls and vicinity, on surface plugs and deerhair bucktails. Chautauqua **FG** and running to good size.

PENNSYLVANIA: Billy Cox, recently retired third baseman, was doing great in the Juniata on minnows as **SO** as were ordinary citizens. Surface bugs fine around Harrisburg, try helligrammites in Conodoguinet. Conneaut Lake produced up to 6-pounders on artificials and bait.

FLORIDA: Welcome rains every day for week proved godsend to lakes and ponds going dry and happy bass were merrily taking top water plugs early in a.m. Good spots: Shoal and Yellow rivers near Pensacola, Merrits Mill Pond near Marianna, Lake Talquin near Tallahassee, and Ochlockonee and Wacissa rivers.

MISSOURI: Bull Shoals and Lake Taneycomo **M** from rains and **FF** but **OG** later in week.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Back Cape shore from Provincetown around through Truro to Nauset better than any time until now. Plugs best on night tides.

ATLANTIC SALMON: MAINE: Very slow on all rivers. Landlocks providing only early morning and late evening action with heat driving fish into deep spring holes.

NEW BRUNSWICK: Same as above with water **L** and warm, coming week should show improvement.

NOVA SCOTIA: **FG** with week's total catch 196. Leader Medway, followed by Gold River. Recent rains have raised low waters and **OG**.

PACIFIC SALMON: OREGON: Fishing on coast greatly improved. Winchester, Yaquina, Coos and Depoe bays all offering good salmon mooching for both kings and silvers. **OG**.

CALIFORNIA: Trollers hitting jackpot off Duxbury when winds permit. Sausalito and Fisherman's Wharf boats average two to customer up to 35 pounds. Twelve-year-old Peter McIlwain landed a 28-pounder.

IDAHO: Run is starting in smaller streams; fishermen having trouble with high, fast water. Rain and snow in high country and rain in lower elevations last few days. Fish count at Bonneville over 3,000 per day. **OG**.

WASHINGTON: Puget Sound sizzling with news of big king runs through Juan de Fuca Strait last week. Neah Bay and Sekiu on Olympic Peninsula report catches to 1,000 daily with weights to 50 pounds. Run expected in northern sound waters week of 10 to 17.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Fine silver fishing and good numbers of spring salmon along east coast of Vancouver Island. April Point, Shelter Point, Oyster Bay, Bates Beach, Capr Lazo and Qualicum all good. Larger springs beginning to show in Discovery Passage north of Campbell River. Forty-two pounds best to date. Silvers best on hair flies, small spoons and herring. Springs to spoons, plugs and herring. **OG**.

FISHING

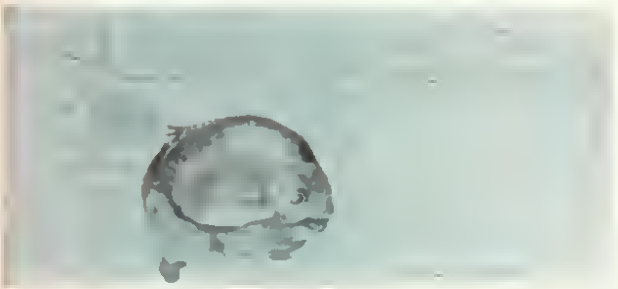
by HARRY BOTSFORD

A POTPOURRI OF UNCOMPLICATED FISH RECIPES INTENDED TO ADD NEW DISTINCTION TO MEALS MADE IN A CAMP AND IN THE KITCHEN

NOTHING dulls a fishing trip so much as the same fish cooked the same way day after day. Similarly, fish cookery at home is apt to fall into a deadly repetition of tasteless fries.

Actually, few meats are capable of more varied and delicious subtleties than fish. Consider the blue trout (*see below*) as a starter. Prepared this way, the trout will be so tender they can be forked up with a dull stick and the delicate flavor will bring fresh meaning to the word "trout."

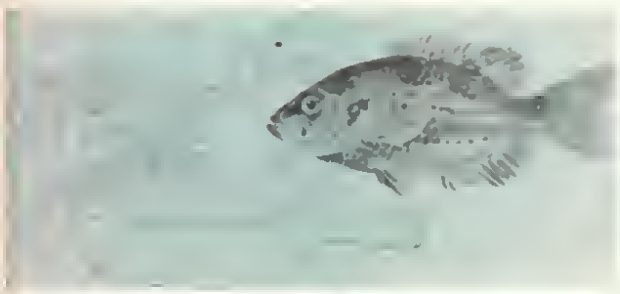
Perhaps the greatest aid in preserving such flavor is in taking proper care of fish in the first place. A fish should always be gutted promptly, then kept cool. The newest gimmick for this is the portable ice chest used to keep picnic foods chilled. When wrapped in a damp cloth and stored next to the ice or those cans of refrigerant you can freeze at home, fish will stay fresh all day and en route home.



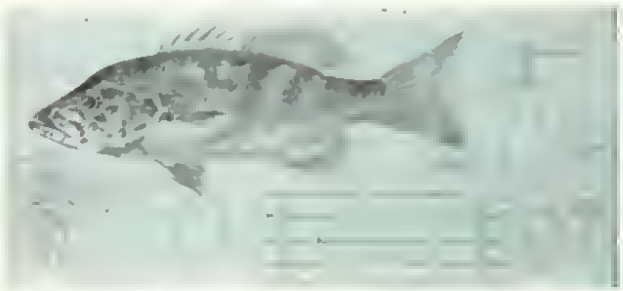
BLUE TROUT. Several freshly caught young trout—brookies are good—should be cleaned and then tied head to tail so that each forms a circle. Now plunge each fish into boiling tarragon vinegar for 30 seconds, then immerse in ice water until the trout turn a gorgeous aquamarine blue. Cook for 5 minutes in boiling salted water, remove the strings and serve with melted butter.



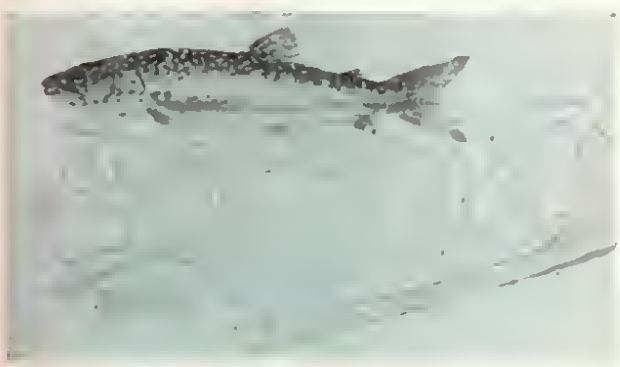
BROWN TROUT AMANOINE. Season 2 cleaned trout with salt, pepper, a pinch of dried tarragon. Dip in milk, dust with flour, then sauté in butter until brown. Set on platter in hot oven. Add 3 tablespoons sweet butter to skillet, heat till foaming and stir in 2 tablespoons shredded almonds. Cook for a minute, then pour on fish. Add parsley, 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice to each fish.



ROCK BASS AND POTATOES. Peel and quarter 4 or 5 medium potatoes, slice an onion thinly; cover with cold water, add ¼ teaspoon salt, 6 cracked peppercorns, a bay leaf, 2 whole cloves. Cover and cook till potatoes are half done, then place atop them several cleaned, split rock bass. When potatoes are done, remove fish; add ¼ cup scalded cream, a teaspoonful flour to potatoes.



GRILLED BASS. Remove head, tail, fins and scales from a large bass, split it and lay flesh side down on grill a foot above a bed of hardwood coals. After 10 minutes (if fish is a 4-pounder) turn over and sprinkle ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate on flesh side to accent natural flavor. Add salt and pepper. The bass will have a memorable, light smoky flavor. Serve with potatoes baked in coals.



PLANKED FISH. Split two trout (or walleyed pike) of about 2 pounds down the back, leaving belly skin intact, and clean. Now tack them to a clean driftwood plank or log section, skin side to the wood. Prop the fish near a fire and brush with a strip of hot bacon as they broil. Season with salt and pepper, eat with bread-and-butter sandwiches and hot coffee beside some wilderness lake.



BAKED BASS. Clean and dry a 4- or 4½-pounder, rub all surfaces with olive oil, lay in a well-buttered casserole, add 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, ½ cup tomato juice; bake for 30 minutes in a 350° oven, basting frequently. Now put bass on ovenproof hot platter, cover with 2½ cups Creole sauce, sprinkle with buttered fresh-bread crumbs. Put in oven, brown under broiler.

BOXING

by BUDD SCHULBERG

A RECITAL OF THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MR. JAMES CARTER, A TALENTED TIGER WHO KNOWS HOW TO LOSE AS THOUGH HE WERE TRYING TO WIN

JAMES W. CARTER lost his lightweight title to Bud Smith in Boston a week ago. If the fight was wet around the edges, as some of the fans suspect whenever Jimmy operates, the on-again-off-again champion did this one the hard way. Three cuts and 15 stitches isn't the way most boys like to blow the odd ones. The little hand of onlookers who actually paid for the privilege of seeing Smith catch up with Carter were convinced they saw a savage, earnest brawl. Chances are they did. Carter will count 32 candles on his birthday cake this December (and one to grow into a welterweight on). It may he he is coming to the end of the line. Behind him are nine and a half years, almost 100 fights and the most curious career of any modern-day champion. If fans question not his ability but his integrity whenever he loses a close one, he has no one to hlame but Jimmy Carter and his manager Willie (The Undertaker) Ketchum. Willie has never buried anybody, but he has dragged a lot of bodies back to their corners. Boxing writers have heen saying for years that Ketchum is one of Frankie Carbo's managerial egos, and maybe this accounts for Carter's erratic performances.

Let's go back four years to Jimmy's first season as champion after knocking out Mr. Palermo's Ike Williams in 14 heats. Jimmy, as an odds-on favorite, proceeded to lose to California's Art Aragon, nontitle. Accidentally or no, it was the ideal buildup for the title bout. Jimmy was in shape for that one and won convincingly.

The year 1952 was Jimmy's Salas period. He dropped the title to Featherweight Lauro Salas in an eyebrow-raising upset and then won it back from him with embarrassing ease a few months later.

In 1953 Jimmy—the best lightweight around whenever he was in the mood—lost to Eddie Chavez, whom he was supposed to fight for the title. Somehow that act was never booked.

He knocked out Tommy Collins and George Araujo in title defenses but dropped a nontitle bout to Johnny Cunningham (a square from nowhere) and to Armand Savoie, the Canadian champion. That made a Savoie return go for the championship a natural for Montreal. Jimmy was on that night, as usual when the chips are down, and knocked Armand out of time in five.

In 1954 the spectacle of you-lick-me-and-I-lick-you found Jimmy starring opposite Paddy DeMarco. The champion of inconsistency dropped his title to Paddy in a 15-round affair that enriched the long-money bettors more than it did Jimmy's reputation for forthright performance. Jimmy couldn't care less that night. He let Paddy outscore him with left hands and carried his dangerous right peacefully on his chest throughout the strange encounter. Seven months later Jimmy won the lightweight championship for the third time in four years, giving Champion Pro Tem Paddy DeMarco a vicious going-over in San Francisco before knocking him out in the final round.

OLD DOG, OLD TRICKS

This year Jimmy lost a nontitle 10-rounder to Orlando Zulueta, the light-hitting Cuhan, and it looked as if this old dog was up to his old tricks. Now he would fight Zulueta for the championship and, without the handcuffs, he seemed a shoo-in to mangle Orlando as he had Lauro and Armand and Paddy in those payoff return bouts. But the match fell through. This corner received a batch of APPPFF letters decrying the affair, probably reflecting boxing-fan opinion that Carter was beginning to overdo the Yo-yo act. Carter is obliged to defend his title every six months, and the best available opponent was Bud Smith, the former amateur champion whom Jimmy decisioned five years ago. According to the old Carter-Ketchum (and probably Carbo) script, Jimmy would drop this one and then win the 90-day return. That's two fights for the price of one, and the first one is inevitably a startling upset nicely actioned for a betting coup.

But the Carter-Smith battle in Boston was an interesting variation on the old scenario. In his losses to Aragon, Salas, Chavez, Savoie, Zulueta and DeMarco there had been a studied indifference to Carter's work. He looked as if he was fighting just hard enough to lose as if he was trying to win. You may not admire this sort of thing, but it was pretty masterful. It takes a lot of skill to lose close ones as though you were gunning for the wins. "I had an off night. . . . I couldn't get going. . . . I didn't figure out his style until the last few rounds. . . ." These are some of the stock dressing-room replies for the studied loser. He hasn't taken a dive, he's just done a little wading. This time, Smith's victory over Carter (and hy the narrowest of margins it was, too) was flawed only by Jimmy's spotty past. If Carter was really under wraps in this one, he rates as a contender for next year's Academy Award. Jimmy's wounds seemed to be honorable ones, and in the closing rounds he was fighting with the viciousness for which he has come to he noted, prlmarily in the return bouts.

continued on next page



So let's give him the benefit of the doubt this time, even though it does seem mighty odd that his return bout with Smith will probably install him as the first pug ever to regain his championship three times. "Jimmy doesn't ever lose his title, he just loans it to the other fella for a little while," I heard an old fighter say in an Eighth Avenue bar the other day.

NO BOSTON TEA PARTY

If Jimmy loaned the title to Bud Smith, the new champion certainly did not treat the old one with the deference traditionally accorded to creditors. Face cuts requiring 15 stitches are a novel way of paying interest. This was no Boston tea party, and maybe the firm of Jimmy the Jobber & Willie the Undertaker is going straight in its old age.

Anyway, I still like Carter to win the lightweight championship of the world for the fourth time in five years. It's hard to break a habit like that. END

ANNIVERSARY



TWENTY YEARS ago this week Helen Wills, then Mrs. Moody, won her seventh Wimbledon title by just managing to defeat her long-time court rival. Helen Jacobs. The victory was close enough to squeeze a rare public smile from "Little Miss Poker Face." Wills took the first set 6-3, lost the second 3-6 and was trailing 2-5 in the third, when she suddenly recaptured the power of her former, greater days and reeled off the final five straight games. Three years later Helen became the only woman in tennis history to take the Wimbledon title eight times.



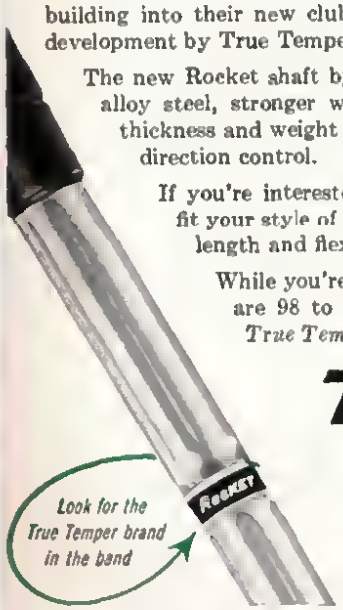
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TIP FROM THE TOP



For golfers of all degrees of skill

from **PETER THOMSON,** *British Open champion, 1954*

An extremely critical part of the golf swing—I cannot overstate its importance—is the take-away, the action at the very start of the swing in which the hands take the club back and the swing begins to take its form.

Let me state as positively and as plainly as possible what a golfer should strive for in the take-away. First, the club should be taken back neither by the left hand nor the right hand but by *both* hands, working together. The club should be taken back neither outside nor inside but straight back, right on the line of flight. The arms should be just a little short of extended, sort of semirelaxed, as opposed to being overextended or pushed out.

If you start the swing with a correct take-away, the battle is half done. You will automatically fall into a correct position at the top of the backswing, and knowing this helps you eliminate the thinking you would otherwise do about attaining that correct position at the top. In a few words, then, a correct take-away is the key, as I see it, to simplifying the complicated business of building a sound golf swing.



correct

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: GENE ANDERSEN ON CLUB SELECTION



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BOATING

SI'S EXPERT TESTS AN OUTBOARD CRUISER AND FINDS OUT WHY THESE COMPACT BOATS ARE THE HOTTEST ITEM ON THE MARKET

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

TWO LARGE bunks, a head, galley and a large cockpit all combined in an attractive 18-foot powerboat? A few years ago this would have been scoffed at as impractical if not impossible. That was before the words "outboard cruiser" had meaning. They now describe the hottest development in boating. Basically an outboard cruiser is a small powerboat with sleeping accommodations and an outboard motor for propulsion.

Picking one cruiser out of the many models now on the market was quite a problem. However, the Roberts Weekender, built by Roberts Kit Kraft Inc. of Branford, Conn., caught my fancy in photos and on the showroom floor as being a good one to test. She's of average size and typical of the better cruisers, rather than ruggedly individualistic. Most important, she is one of the few available either as a kit, partly complete, or entirely finished.

Ben Harrison, the youthful head of Roberts Kit Kraft, drove with me from his plant up to Ledyard, Conn., where one of the Weekenders was launched and waiting. Resting at the mooring she looked both trim and comfortable. We brought her alongside the float to put on the 25-hp Evinrude we had brought with us. It was no mean task lifting the motor into place and clamping it onto the transom. Then, while Ben was installing the remote clutch and throttle controls, I entered the cabin to look around (*see diagrams*).

The large ports made her below decks light and airy and the general impression was one of uncramped if somewhat simple comfort for two. The headroom was sufficient for me to walk about with a pronounced stoop and more than adequate for sitting. The kit and completed basic boat include no toilet and the galley consists merely of a storage locker with counter space above it. Bunks are optional with the kit. Ben Harrison told me they keep her simple not only to maintain a low price but also because every owner wants something a little different.

We started the engine in neutral, cast off the lines and slipped her into reverse. Maneuverability while backing, of course, was excellent—a real plus for outboard propulsion. Moreover, the modern outboards, with gear shifts, remote clutch and throttle controls and remote fuel tanks (SI, June 27), have all the flexibility of inboard power installations.

Once clear of the dock we shifted into forward gear and increased speed gradually to full ahead. The Weekender lifted nicely, remaining virtually level at all speeds, with the bow rising just enough and no inefficient squat to the stern. At top speed she planed nicely—close to 20 mph—and on turns she banked in well.

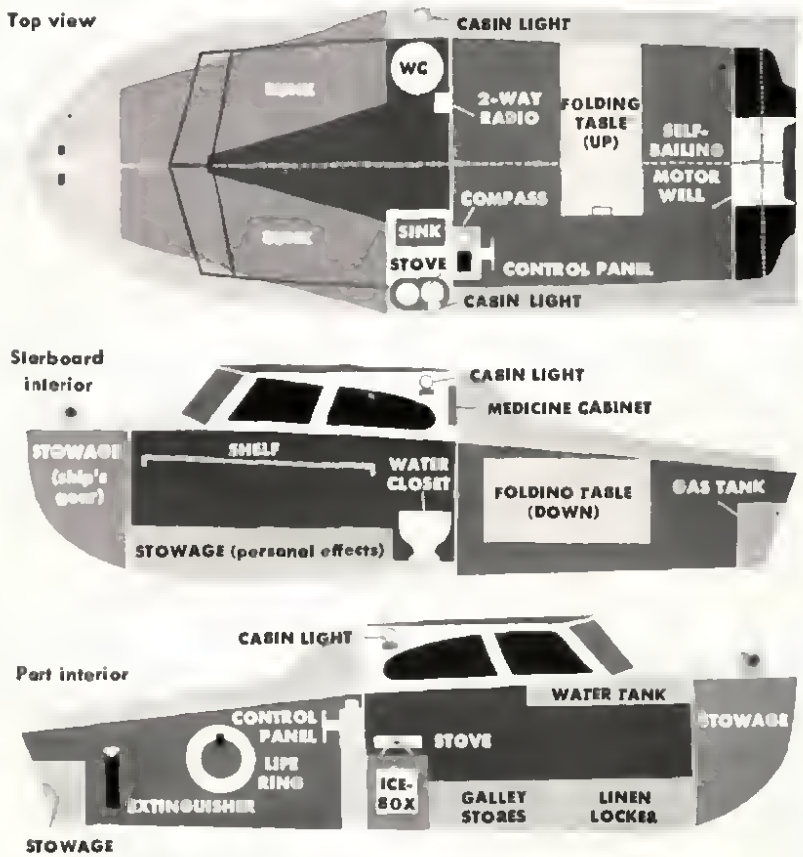
Since there was little sea running, the only way we could test her motion was to turn sharply and speed back through her own quarter wave. She took it easily, with no pounding. This was not a severe test, however, because the Weekender, when up and planing, pulls a very small quarter wave—proof of efficient design. Her spray rails, regular equipment, were placed right to throw spray down and out.

One fault of some outboard cruisers is lack of stability. To check on this, I turned the controls over to Ben and clambered up to the cabin top while he turned at high speed. She felt good, so I next tried hanging off to one side from the deck, holding onto the cabin-top grab rails. Ben, at the controls, leaned out as far as possible on the same side. She still felt stable.

As we returned to the dock at slow speed with a cross wind blowing, the windage caused by high freeboard and her trunk cabin made her sail off to leeward. This is an inherent fault of the type, with little below the water to keep her from slipping.

While we removed the motor I discussed with Ben the one real flaw which it seemed to me the Weekender had.

INSIDE AN OUTBOARD CRUISER



DIMENSIONS— Length over all—18 feet Weight—860 pounds Beam—7 feet 2 inches Draft—6½ inches

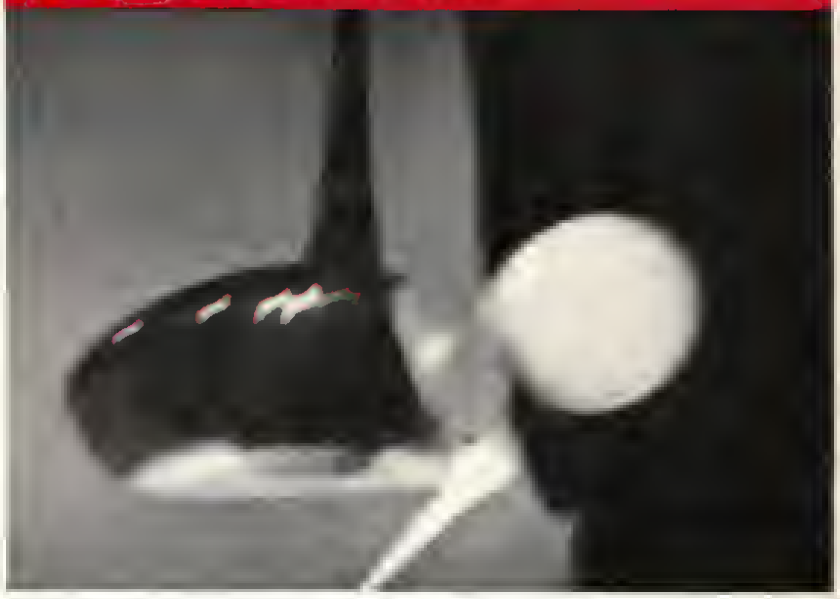
The transom was cut down to 15" height to accommodate the motor. In a heavy sea and with a dead motor the bow would head downwind, and seas slamming against this cut-down transom could come aboard and swamp her. It would be a simple matter to extend a watertight box into the cockpit so that any seas which came through the transom opening would go no further. Ben said he would do just that; and from now on Roberts will offer two such boxes—one combined with a stern seat, the other just a watertight obstruction—as optional equipment on every Weekender.

Once back at the plant we looked at the kit parts being assembled. Bottom and side panels are of top-grade ¾" marine plywood. There are seven full and three intermediate frames of solid mahogany, and good news for the kit builder is the fact that all the frames are fully assembled and fastened with brass screws. Good news, too, is the fact that to ease assembly the transom and stem are preassembled, beveled and notched. The mahogany chine pieces and keel are also beveled. The trunk cabin is of good solid mahogany.

Prices vary with the degree of completeness. The kit including all parts to complete the hull, deck and cabin costs $675. A kit for completing the interior (bunks, galley, locker, etc.) adds $85. The price of additional deck hardware could range from a low of $150 to a high of $300, depending on the quality and amount of hardware desired. Taking a middle figure of $225, the entire kit will total $985. Put in an additional $600 for a 25-hp electric-starting motor with remote controls, and for roughly $1,585 and a bucket of sweat you've got a fine cruiser. Then if you want a regular marine toilet for about $100 that's up to you, though covered buckets can and have served. A stove, bunk cushions and various appointments can run the cost up further but these can be bought piecemeal and assimilated during the building.

Let's assume you want to do no work yourself and want everything the best. On top of $1,585 for the finished boat add $300 for top-grade hardware (installed), another $100 for a toilet installed, $115 for stove, icebox and bunk cushions and about $600 for an outboard. For approximately $2,700 you're in business with a fine little yacht. It's because this is in line with what you have paid for your new car and because everyone who has tried both finds the boat more fun that good outboard cruisers like the Weekender seem here to stay. END

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The great pros shown below and many other top golfers will tell you that the amazingly fast *compression recovery* of new MT golf balls (during their first inch of flight) makes them the "goingest" in the game. MacGregor's exclusive "under-cover" development—*V-Thread Wiading*—produces this lightning-like reaction and puts more *power* in your swing.

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Mike Souchak



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Bob, Louise and Mike are members of MacGregor's Advisory Staff



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HEARTS outline collar of Doris Hart's tennis dress, designed by Teddy Tinling.



SWIRLING petticoats made comely Lea Pericoli of Italy the most photogenic player at Wimbledon.



AT EASE, Tinling dresses cling to Arvilla McGuire of U.S. and to Maria

SPORTING LOOK

TINLING'S TUTUS FOR TENNIS

Englisbman Teddy Tinling clotbed most of the women who played at Wimbledon in dresses that swirled prettily to reveal more lace than Gorgeous Gussie Moran

NOT SINCE 1949, when Gussie Moran startled Wimbledon's conservative gallery by wearing a pair of lace panties beneath her tennis skirt, has there been so frilly a turnout of players as was seen at Wimbledon this year. The fashion show began on the second day of play, with the appearance of a little-known Italian girl named Lea Pericoli who lost her first match but who will not be forgotten at Wimbledon. She owes her tennis immortality to a British designer, Teddy Tinling, a man with a fine appreciation of tennis clothes in motion. Signorina Pericoli swirled to defeat in a scalloped A-line dress, showing lace-trimmed pants and a pink rayon petticoat with every serve. By the time Wimbledon was over even the least clothes-conscious observer was aware that Tinling's clothes were worth watching. This year he took his inspiration from Dior's A-line, creating torso-clinging dresses that flared suddenly from the hips. The effect, when Tinling-outfitted girls met in a doubles match, was more of tutued ballerinas in a *pas de quatre* than a tennis match.

Designer Tinling has reason to know what makes a good tennis dress. For 22 years, until the flare-up over Miss Moran's pants caused him to resign, he was Master of Ceremonies of the center court at Wimbledon. He now dresses almost every important woman player—and about half of the men, including Seixas and Trabert. Mass-produced copies of his custom-designed Wimbledon costumes are also sold to more than 10,000 less well-known but equally ardent players in England and in America.



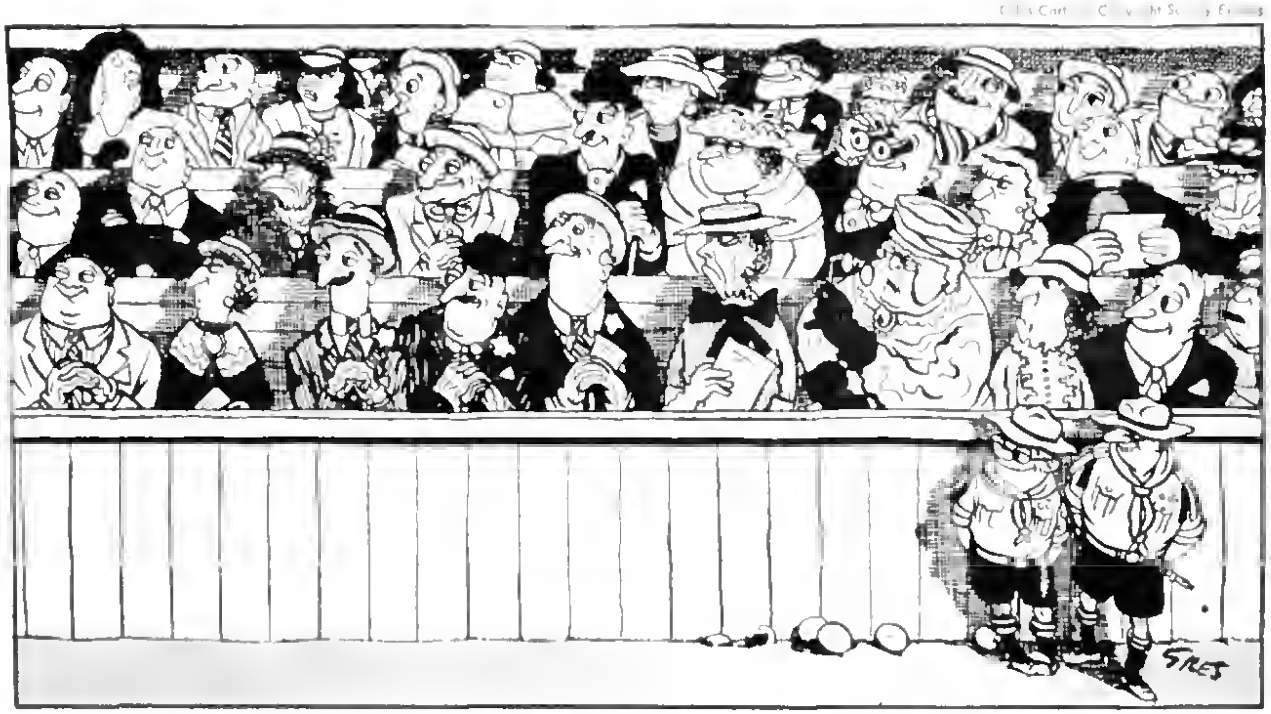
Weiss of Argentina. A-line dresses reveal a flowered trim in tennis action.



SOARING skirts of long-torso dress worn by England's E. M. Watson are Tinling's 1955 trademark



BILLOWING princess-style dress, worn by Bev Fleitz, has scalloped neck, briefs.



"She wouldn't have played at Wimbledon in things like that when I was a girl."





WALTER ALSTON

continued from page 34

and Hughes to be warming up, although they're both right-handers. There are certain hitters I would rather have Hughes pitch to than Roehuck and vice versa.

"When you're on the offensive of course, the score determines the whole thing, but you're thinking about your own line-up and who you have coming up. If the first man gets on, do you want to bunt or hit and run? You've got to think about those things in advance. If you're behind in a ball game, you know you want to use a pinch hitter for your pitcher and you have to be thinking about the bull pen again, who you're going to put in and then give him enough time to warm up.

HIS DAUGHTER SAYS:

"I don't think he's changed. He was my science teacher for three years and he kept good discipline. Best bridge player in the family; nobody can beat him."

"We're out in front now," Alston said cautiously. "I think that being with baseball as long as I have been, you know that over 154 games you're going to have some good streaks and some bad streaks and you know that anything can happen. We can turn around and have some bad luck and some injuries that would hurt us. It could keep us from winning the pennant, but if everything goes all right we have a better chance than anybody else."

The warning bell sounded in the clubhouse. There were five minutes to go before Alston had to join his players.

"I think I learned my lesson in St. Paul," he said as he rose from his desk and went over to the locker in the corner and started to put on his spikes. "One year we had a six-game lead and nine games to play and we end up winning the pennant by one half game and we had to win a double-header the last day of the season to do it."

He allowed himself a hopeful smile and a prediction. "We've certainly got the percentage on our side. Brooklyn has been in several World Series and never won one—but we have to win the pennant first."

Tightening the laces in his shoes, he said, "Right now I'm worrying about tonight's game." He stood up to his full six feet two inches, adjusted the visor of his cap and started toward the field. END

SPUR OF THE MOMENT

by WILLIAM H. WHITE

A knee goes in Brooklyn and with it the services, at least for a short time, of the Dodgers' irreplaceable and pennant-producing catcher Roy Campanella

THE MOST celebrated bit of human anatomy last week was a tiny, bony spur on the left kneecap of Roy Campanella, part-time tropical fish fancier, part-time liquor store proprietor and, for the past fortnight, part-time catcher for the pennant-chasing Brooklyn Dodgers. Although scarcely larger than a pencil eraser, the spur quickly assumed mountainous proportions. Six seasons ago, another key player, Joe DiMaggio, had a spur on his heel that almost cost the Yankees the pennant. Though Brooklyn is far ahead now, the loss of Campy's hat could seriously endanger the Dodgers' chances of staying there.

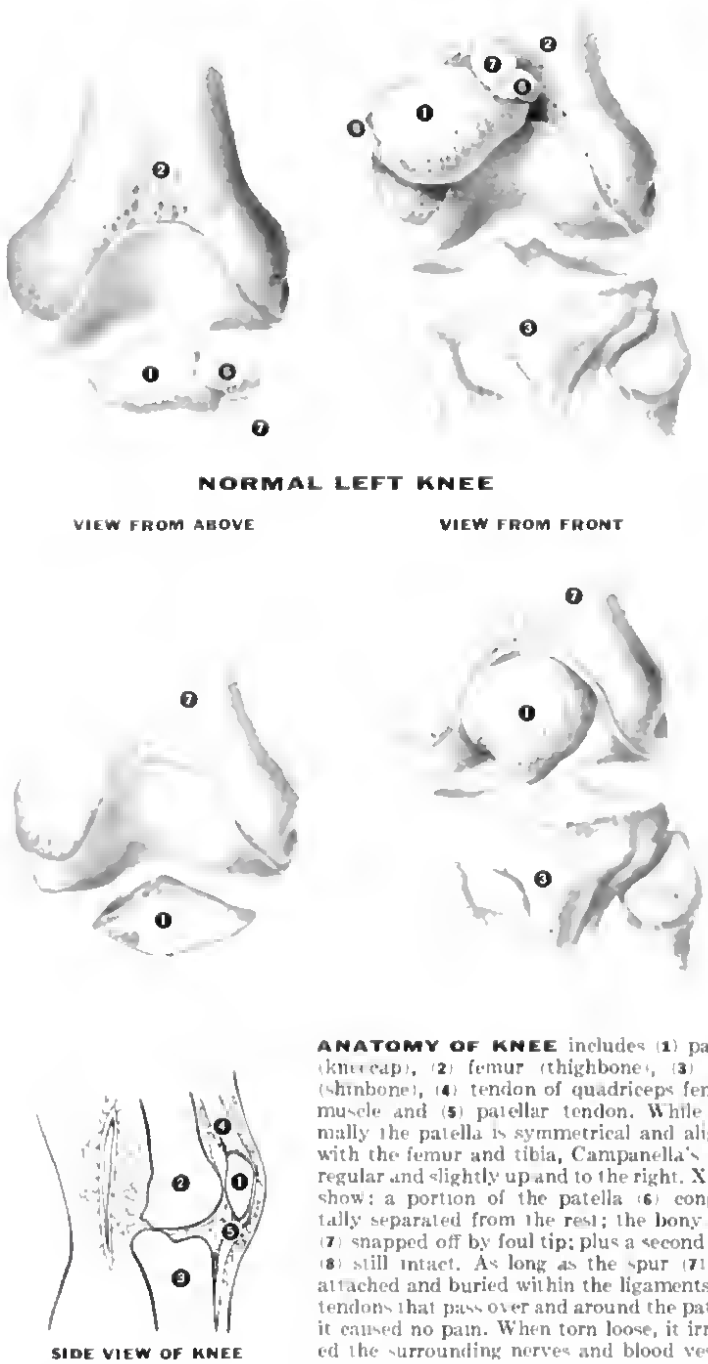
The first hint that the oft-injured Campanella was again crippled came in St. Louis on June 19 when a foul tip ricocheted off his left shin guard. After the game, his knee was bathed in a whirlpool which seemed to ease the soreness and for the next few days, in Chicago and in Milwaukee, he caught only part of two games and missed four games completely.

But there was new trouble in the June 28 opener with the Giants. "In the first inning," Campanella recalls, "I ran over to the Giant dugout to catch a pop foul, stepped down one step and felt a stabbing pain." In the fourth inning he was pulled out, grimacing with pain. Next day, X rays were taken.

The plates, from which Paul Peck made these drawings, actually show not one but two spurs: the first growing on the right side of the patella (kneecap) and still intact; the second, at the upper left, snapped off at the base. A spur is a calcium overgrowth resulting from constant stress and or repeated injury. In Campanella's case it probably stems from both: the strain on the thigh muscles to remain squatting and the injury to the knees each time he drops to block a low pitch.

Last week, Campy sat at home, his leg securely strapped from the calf to the thigh, watching on TV last-place Pittsburgh trounce the Dodgers.

The doctors say that he will be at home until the spur grows back on (it may take several weeks). Campanella says he'll be back for another crack at the Giants this week. END



ANATOMY OF KNEE includes (1) patella (kneecap), (2) femur (thighbone), (3) tibia (shinbone), (4) tendon of quadriceps femoris muscle and (5) patellar tendon. While normally the patella is symmetrical and aligned with the femur and tibia, Campanella's is irregular and slightly up and to the right. X rays show: a portion of the patella (6) congenitally separated from the rest; the bony spur (7) snapped off by foul tip; plus a second spur (8) still intact. As long as the spur (7) was attached and buried within the ligaments and tendons that pass over and around the patella, it caused no pain. When torn loose, it irritated the surrounding nerves and blood vessels.



COUNTY STADIUM, only 15 minutes from downtown Milwaukee, is one of baseball's most modern big parks. Its dimensions are modern too: 320 feet down the left-field line, 402 to dead center, 315 feet to right field.

PREVIEW

STARLIGHT ON MILWAUKEE'S BIG YARD

Baseball's annual All-Star Game isn't exactly baseball, says that man named Smith. Yet it has produced some of the game's great moments, as it may again next week in its first Milwaukee appearance

by RED SMITH

VITAL STATISTICS

EVENT: 22nd All-Star Game

PLACE: Milwaukee County Stadium

DATE: Tuesday, July 12

GAME TIME: 1:30 p.m., Central Standard Time

TRANSPORTATION: By automobile—Wisconsin Ave. to Bluemound Road directly to main entrance; by bus—Stadium Special direct to Stadium from Wisconsin Ave.; by trolley—No. 10 Wells St. car to within two blocks of Stadium.

BROADCAST: Air time 1:15 p.m., C.S.T. for 60 million radio (Mutual) and television (NBC) audience.

RECORDS: American League leads series 13–8. Largest crowd: 69,812 at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, 1935. Highest net gate receipts: $259,204, Municipal Stadium, 1954.

PROCEEDS: Net receipts from ticket sales (45,000 tickets priced from $1.50 to $7.50) and $110,000 radio and TV rights go into Central Fund, which pays big part of players' annuity plan. Total receipts to date: $1,481,126.

WHEN THE All-Star Game of 1934 opened in the Polo Grounds, Detroit's Charley Gehringer hit Carl Hubbell's fourth pitch for a single and ran to second base as Wally Berger fumbled in center field. With the game four pitches old, the American League had a runner in scoring position.

Pitching to Heinie Manush, Hubbell tried to shave the strike zone and missed four times. Now there were runners on first and second with none out. Waiting to bat were Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Jimmy Foxx. The National League's beet-red catcher, Gabby Hartnett, trudged out to the mound.

"Hub," he said, "just throw that thing. It always gets *me* out."

Three times against Ruth, Hub threw that thing—his left-handed screwball. The Babe struck out. Gehrig got three. As he struck out, Gehringer and Manush worked a double steal. Right-handed Jimmy Foxx wore the half-smile of greedy anticipation which the sight of a left-handed pitcher always brought to his wide mouth. One of his three strikes was a foul, not very loud. The side was retired.

Starting the second inning, Al Simmons struck out. So did Joe Cronin, and then Bill Dickey singled. That's how



they always tell the story of the most memorable individual performance in 21 All-Star Games. Never anything like it before or since, they say; five of the world's most dangerous batters polished off in a row.

Lefty Gomez, the historian, says they tell it wrong. Lefty was the American League's pitcher. After Dickey's single, Hubbell struck out Gomez, which was not quite the same as splitting the atom.

"My friend!" an embittered Gomez snarled at Dickey. "It's going down in history that Huh struck out five of the greatest hitters of all time. If you don't louse it up, it could be seven of the greatest—including Gomez."

Let's set the record straight. It wasn't Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons and Cronin. It was Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons, Cronin and Gomez.

In baseball's 21 midsummer circulation campaigns for the Chicago *Tribune*, other names besides Hubbell's have been celebrated, other games besides that second one have been memorable. There was the ninth, for example, played before 54,674 witnesses in Detroit's Br ggs Stadium.

Beaten in five of the first eight games, the Nationals led this one, 5 to 3, with one out in the latter half of the ninth inning. Arky Vaughan, of the Pirates, had batted in four runs with two homers and had added a single in the National League cause. Ted Williams had doubled home a run for the Americans, flied out and taken a called third strike.

After two singles and a walk filled the bases against Claude Passeau, Joe DiMaggio grounded into a force play that scored a run, cutting the Nationals' lead to 5-4 with one putout to go. Williams took two balls and a strike, then flexed his wrists.

With the possible exception of Henry Ford II, nobody in Detroit is closer to the Deity than the baseball writers, whose detention pen perches on the topmost rim of the stadium within a handshake of Heaven. The aerie is extended to right and left beyond both foul poles, and cash customers sit out there as upon Olympus.

When Williams flexed his wrists, the ball took off for Grosse Pointe. Seemed in a fair way to make it, too, until intercepted by a godling up there on the cornice of the sky. The American League had another, 7 to 5.

There was the night game of 1942 in the Polo Grounds, which began with a cloudburst and ended with a blackout. There was the time Hartnett, managing the Nationals, forgot he had Morrie Arnovich on the bench waiting for a chance as pinch batter, overlooked the Phillies' hero

continued on next page

continued from page 51

entirely and was denounced in Philadelphia as though he had betrayed Betsy Ross.

There've been games to remember and excitements to savor, but the thing isn't baseball. It's a theatrical pageant, a newspaper promotion stunt, a mere exhibition. Competition is the essence of baseball, and there can be no genuine competition when the rules require that a pitcher be replaced after three innings even if he is throwing a no-hitter. This is a parody of baseball, and not a funny one.

FORMER WINNERS

1933	AMERICAN LEAGUE	4 2	AT CHICAGO
1934	AMERICAN LEAGUE	9 7	AT NEW YORK
1935	AMERICAN LEAGUE	4 1	AT CLEVELAND
1936	NATIONAL LEAGUE	4 3	AT BOSTON
1937	AMERICAN LEAGUE	9 3	AT WASHINGTON
1938	NATIONAL LEAGUE	4 1	AT CINCINNATI
1939	AMERICAN LEAGUE	3 1	AT NEW YORK
1940	NATIONAL LEAGUE	4 9	AT ST. LOUIS
1941	AMERICAN LEAGUE	7 5	AT DETROIT
1942	AMERICAN LEAGUE	3 1	AT NEW YORK
1943	AMERICAN LEAGUE	5 3	AT PHILADELPHIA
1944	NATIONAL LEAGUE	7-1	AT PITTSBURGH
1945	NO GAME PLAYED		
1946	AMERICAN LEAGUE	12 9	AT BOSTON
1947	AMERICAN LEAGUE	2 1	AT CHICAGO
1948	AMERICAN LEAGUE	5 2	AT ST. LOUIS
1949	AMERICAN LEAGUE	11 7	AT BROOKLYN
1950	NATIONAL LEAGUE	4-3	AT CHICAGO
1951	NATIONAL LEAGUE	9 3	AT DETROIT
1952	NATIONAL LEAGUE	3 2	AT PHILADELPHIA
1953	NATIONAL LEAGUE	5 1	AT CINCINNATI
1954	AMERICAN LEAGUE	11 9	AT CLEVELAND

Generally speaking, baseball people dislike the All-Star Game. Players covet the distinction of making the team, are resentful if they aren't chosen, and don't want to play if they are because it costs them a midseason vacation. Club owners pale at the spectacle of high-priced bric-a-brac risking disabling injury at no profit to the employers. Baseball writers, intensely interested in the pennant races, are bored by an exhibition that has no bearing on a championship.

Nobody likes it except the public and Arch Ward. The latter, sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, made it all up out of his own head and sold the big leagues on it in 1933. The teams would be selected by vote of fans who read the *Tribune* or cooperating papers. For the first time ever, there'd be an opportunity to see all of the best players in the world on the field together.

It would be, Arch Ward insisted, a baseball fan's dream come true. (In that era of strong stomachs, the entertainment was called the "dream game.")

Arch Ward was right, as usual. The first game, July 6, 1933, in Comiskey Park, Chicago drew 49,200 paid admissions. The game has never drawn fewer than 25,534 fans, and the second biggest crowd of all, 68,751, was attracted last summer in Cleveland, which seems to indicate that the exhibition is gaining in popularity.

It will certainly sell out Milwaukee County Stadium this year, though that is no criterion because Charley Grimm could pack the joint with a banjo recital. Wisconsin fans have never seen Ted Williams or Yogi Berra, Al Kaline or Nellie Fox or Mickey Mantle. They'll swoon with the joy of it all, but they won't see a ball game.

To a baseball fan, though, it's a great day when he can go take his first look at a fellow like Kaline, the Detroit Tiger ' flamboyant young outfielder. Chances are the fan has read about Kaline, and how the Tigers signed him for a bonus the day after he got out of Southern High in Baltimore.

Maybe they've read of his background, know that his grandfather was a harehanded catcher for Queenstown on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and bred up three sons who were catchers in sandlot ball, including Al's father, Nicholas, who works in a Baltimore broom factory. Perhaps they don't know that Kaline's maternal grandfather and his mother's brother were sandlot players in Baltimore, and that his mother was no slouch herself at foot races and volleyball and dodge-the-ball in Baltimore's Clifton Park.

Then again, maybe they do know all that, because baseball fans have an incredible appetite for minutiae regarding their heroes. Anyhow, they haven't seen Kaline in Milwaukee, or Berra or Williams or Mantle, and they're going to love it.

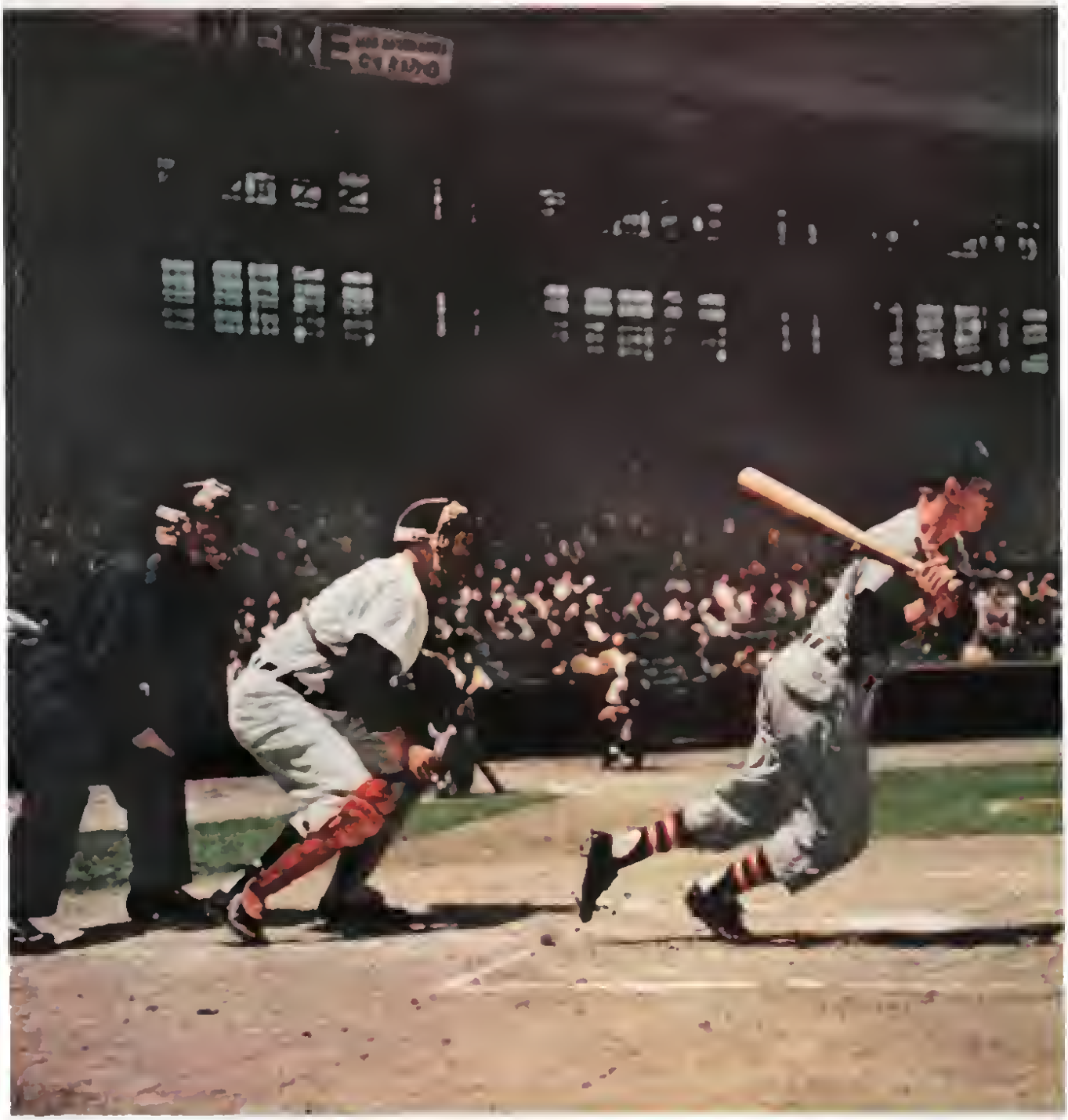
Naturally, it's going to be something more than a mere exhibition game in Milwaukee. The whole week of the game has been designated as an "All-Star Festival," including, among other attractions: horse show, drama, polo game, movie première, women's baseball clinic, fireworks, Venetian night parade of boats, All-Star parade, music under the stars, PGA golf clinic, boxing, $35,000 open golf tournament, style show, folk festival, state tennis championships, American Legion 40 & 8 parade, outboard races, water frolic, drum and bugle corps contests, stock car races, art exhibit.

All this, and the All-Star Game, too. It won't matter to the fans, or not much, that the ballot boxes may be stuffed, the election rigged, and men chosen for some positions which they can't even hold on their own teams. That's how the democratic process works.

POWER PARADE

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE, a constellation of whose great stars are shown performing in color on the next four pages, has traditionally been the show window of power baseball. Its great sluggers—from the era of Ruth and Foxx to that of Ted Williams—have always been an unpleasant sight for National League pitchers in the All-Star Game. Today the situation tends to be reversed. Manager Leo Durocher's National Leaguers, fielding a team loaded with such woodsmen as Ted Kluszewski, Duke Snider and Willie Mays, have stolen the power formula. This year Manager Al Lopez and his American Leaguers will be the ones who must counter with speed and superb defense. Yet baseball being what it is, pitching will probably decide the outcome of the 1955 game as it has most of those in the past. What a man named Hubbell and his screwball once did to the greatest line-up of sluggers in All-Star history, Don Newcombe or Robin Roberts or Whitey Ford or Early Wynn (or whatever pitchers are finally chosen by the respective managers to represent their leagues) may still do next Tuesday when the top major leaguers put on the exhibition that has become a unique spectacle in U.S. sport. For a rundown on the 1955 All-Star line-ups, turn to page 57.

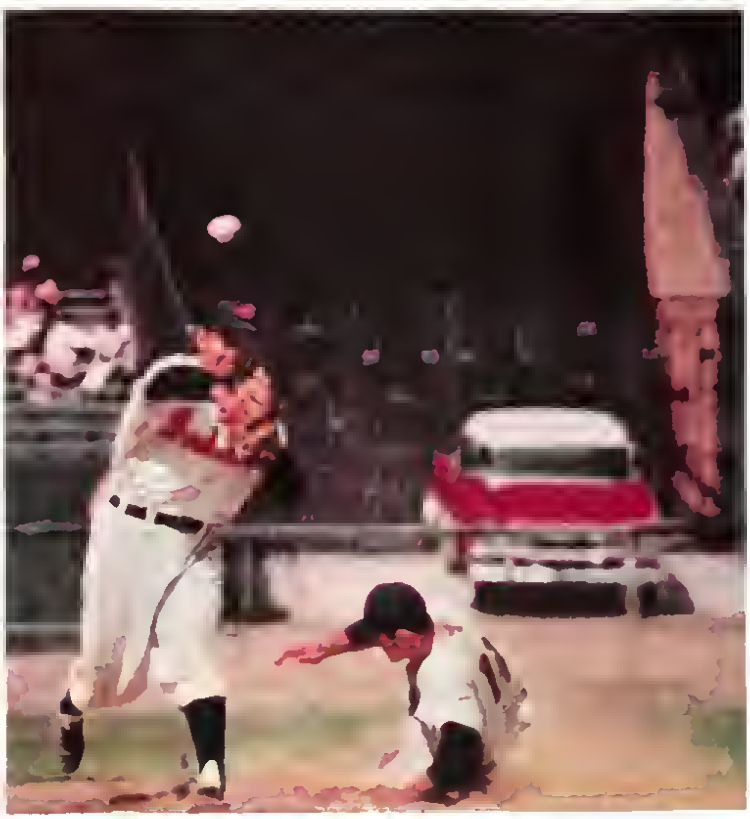
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN



LEANING INTO A PITCH, scrappy little Nellie Fox, Chicago White Sox second baseman and a recent American League performer in the All-Star Game, is on the way to first even before completing his swing as he bats against the Indians in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium. The catcher is big Jim Hegan, long considered one of baseball's best backstops.



GOOO HIT, NO RUN Gus Zernial, Kansas City's big, slugging outfielder and sometime American League All-Star, starts a desperate slide into third base as young Andy Carey of the Yankees, backed up by fireballing Pitcher Bob Turley, waits for the relay from the outfield. Heavy-footed Zernial was out.



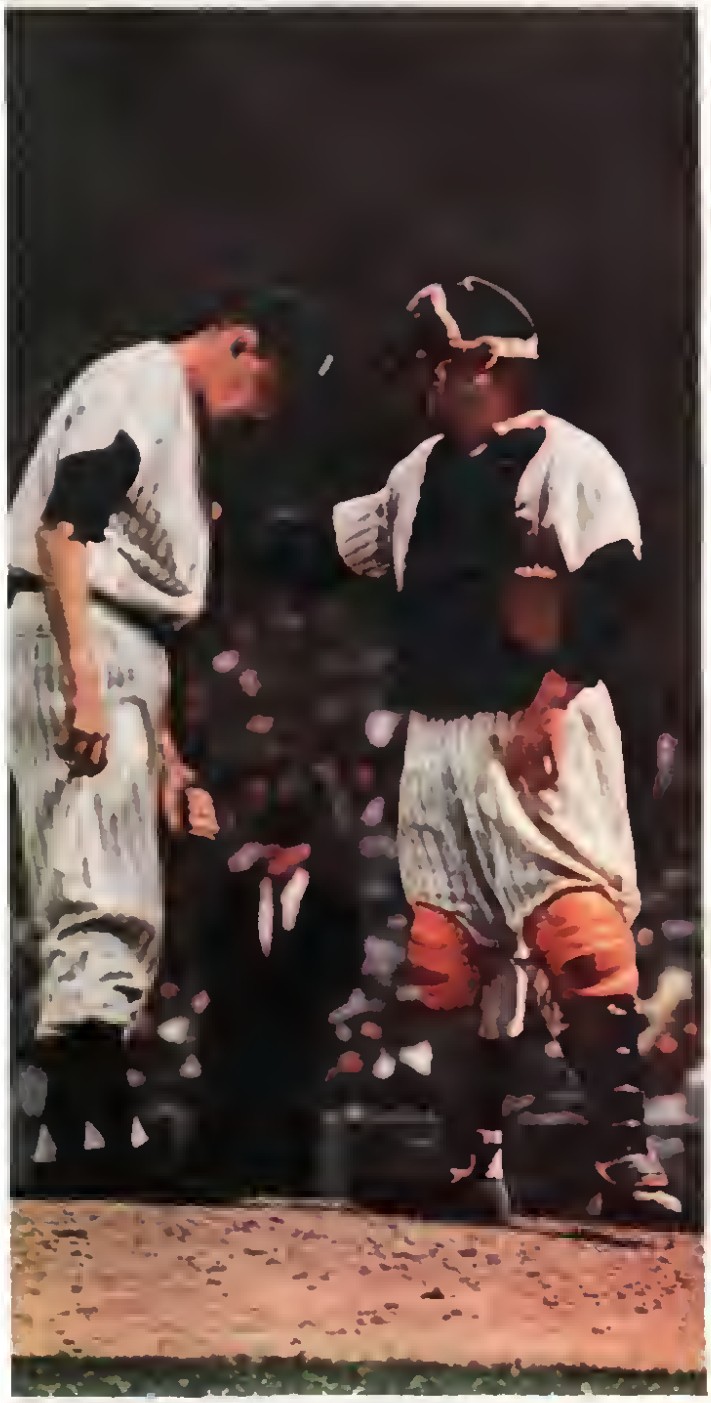
THE OOUBLE PLAY, featuring such capable operators as Chico Carrasquel and Harvey Kuenn at shortstop and Nellie Fox and Bobby Avila at second, may be an American League strong point. Here Indian Sam Dente takes throw from teammate Avila and relays to first for twin killing against White Sox.



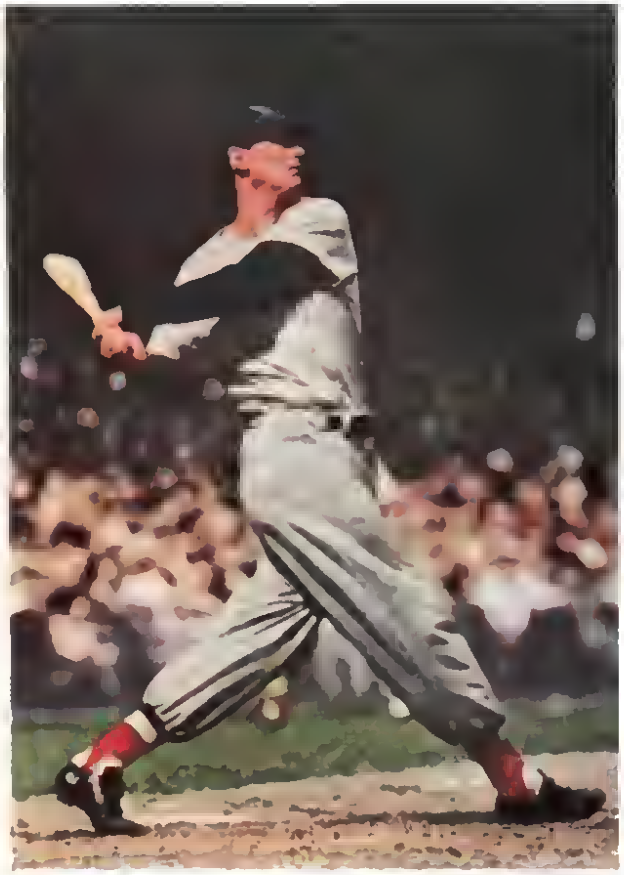




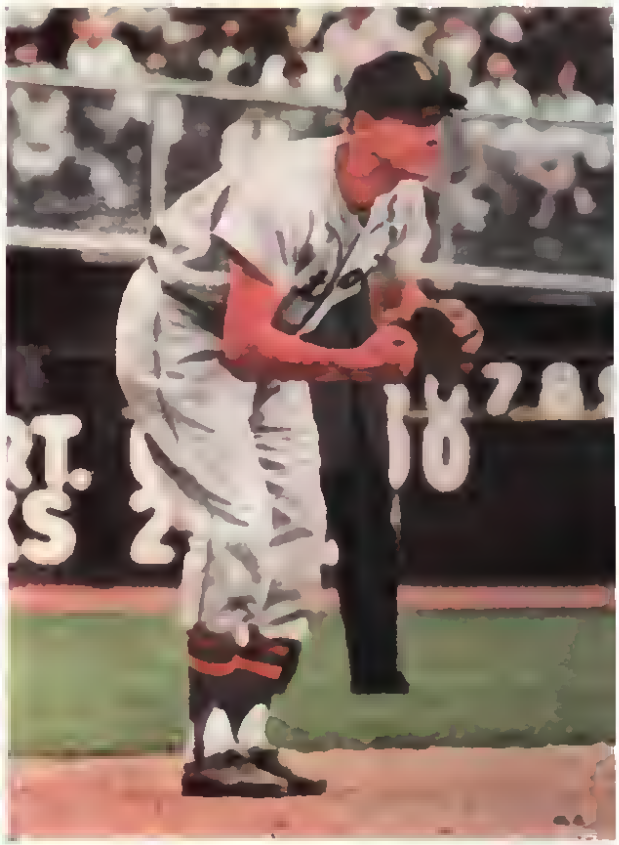
YANKEE POWERHOUSE Mickey Mantle, on the way to his biggest season, gives the junior league speed, a great throwing arm and switch-hitting power to equal anything in the National League. Here Mantle is greeted by teammates Gil McDougald, Billy Hunter, Andy Carey after hitting home run.



DISTINGUISHED VETERAN of All-Star Game, Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra, has played every inning of the last four classics. Here he talks it over with Tom Morgan, one of 1955's ace relief pitchers.



ALL-STAR GAME would hardly be complete without Ted Williams, who has probably contributed more drama to the contest with his tremendous slugging than any other player.



READY FOR ANYTHING, Detroit's Shortstop Harvey Kuenn gets set. Rookie of the Year in 1953, Kuenn was even better last season. Now, a real veteran, he's full-fledged star.

THE PLAYER'S THE THING

Selected by the vote of the fans, the 16 starters must play the first three innings. Then Managers Lopez and Durocher may put in any subs they want

NATIONAL LEAGUE		AMERICAN LEAGUE
TED KLUSZEWSKI, Cincinnati (.324)—Starting third straigbt All-Star Game, bas .429 batting average for first two. Enormously strong and witb a good eye, he led major leagues in home runs last year, is triple-crown possibility this season. He had to beat out one of game's all-time great hitters, Stan Musial, to win All-Star bertb. Adequate but not fiashy afield.	**FIRST BASE**	**MICKEY VERNON,** Washington (.284)—Oldest of the All-Stars at 37, bas yet to get a hit in four previous appearances, two as a starter. Perennial standout for lowly Washington Senators, bas twice led American League in batting. Graceful fielder, hits with power although not considered a slugger. Kansas City's Vic Power furnished his only competition.
RED SCHOENDIENST, St. Louis (.298)—His home run in 1950 won only overtime All-Star Game in the 11th inning. Thia will be his nintb sbow and fourth as a starter. A switcb hitter, tbe Card veteran has a .291 lifetime average but only .154 as an All-Star. Holder of National League fielding records, be was picked by fans over Gene Baker of the Cbicago Cubs.	**SECOND BASE**	**NELLIE FOX,** Chicago (.332)—Aggressive, pesky-type hitter, drove in winning American League runs last year with eighth-inning single. Has been on four All-Star squads, started '51 game, played in two others. Good clutch bitter, boasts .333 All-Star average. Having bis best year at the plate in '55. A really fiashy fielder and good man on tbe double play.
EDDIE MATHEWS, Milwaukee (.288)—Facing bis second All-Star appearance, he went hitless in '53. After early-season appendectomy, he is fast gaining on leaders in bome run derby. Only 23 and in his fourth big-league season, be promises to be one of the all-time slugging greats. Not a standout glove man but still one of league's better third basemen.	**THIRD BASE**	**JIM FINIGAN,** Kansas City (.290)—Probably least known of the All-Stars is tbis major league sophomore who beat out veteran George Kell for third base. As a rookie last year, when he hit .302, he was picked for the squad but didn't get into the game. A hustling but often erratic fielder, has recently switched to second base. Having another good year at bat.
ERNIE BANKS, Cbicago (.302)—Made a prophet of Manager Stan Hack, who montbs ago said, "If any Cub makes the All-Star team, it will be Banks." Brilliant sbort-fielder and a wbiz on tbe double play, this 25-year-old sophomore can also hit the long ball. He edged out smooth-fielding Johnny Logan of the Milwaukee Braves for this, bis first All-Star cbance.	**SHORTSTOP**	**HARVEY KUENN,** Detroit (.317)—Baseball's best hitting shortstop, never under .300. Tbird year in majors, third trip to All-Star Game but first as starter. Unsuccessful pinch-hitter as rookie in '53, rode benceb last year. Had over 200 hits first two seasons. Won All-Star berth over White Sox's Chico Carrasquel, vote leader last three years, on final day of balloting.
DEL ENNIS, Philadelpbia (.257)—Played briefiy in '46 game as a rookie, started in '51, but is still looking for first All-Star hit. He beat out Giant Veteran Whitey Lockman in close race. A solid fielder, he hits the bome run ball and adds real punch to an already frigbtening National League attack; bowever, will probably be replaced by Musial after tbree innings.	**LEFT FIELD**	**TED WILLIAMS,** Boston (.380)—There isn't much left to say. Hit a home run to beat National League in 1941; hit two more in the '46 game. Has driven in 10 runs. Owns .379 batting average after 10 All-Star appearances. Even at 36 and botbered by a sore back, is probably best bet on either team to break up tbe game with one swing. He's done it before.
DUKE SNIDER, Brooklyn (.310)—One of biggest reasons American League pitchers had better be sharp on Tuesday. Leading the majors in RBIs, he is often called best all-around player in baseball, witb great range afield, a good arm, and speed on tbe bases. Started 1954 game, bas been on tbe squad last five years, saw action in four. Hitting .600 for classic.	**CENTER FIELD**	**MICKEY MANTLE,** New York (.303)—Only 23 but back for fourth All-Star Game. Rode bench in '52, started next two years. Swings with tremendous power from eitber side of plate, strong contender for bome run, runs-batted-in championsbip. Very fast, good fielder, strong arm. Won center field spot by comfortable margin over Cleveland's Larry Doby.
DON MUELLER, New York (.323)—Won't scare anyone witb power but a consistent singles bitter with .307 lifetime mark and improving each year (he was second in league witb .342 last season, led majors in hits). Only mediocre fielder, arm not too strong, will probably be replaced after first tbree innings. Pinch-doubled last year in only previous All-Star Game.	**RIGHT FIELD**	**AL KALINE,** Detroit (.376)—Thia fabulous youngster, wbo could be tbe brightest star of 1955, is leading both leagues in hitting, ranks high in home runs, RBIs. Blessed witb speed and a great arm. Tbis is bis first appearance in the All-Star Game but undoubtedly not his last. Anotber second-year man and bonus baby, he's youngest of the All-Stars at 20.
RDY CAMPANELLA, Brooklyn (.335)—Top All-Star vote getter, insists he'll play in seventh consecutive game despite injured knee. Del Crandall probable No. 1 replacement. All-Star bitting (2 for 20) is no indication of bis prowess at plate, where he's off to one of best seasons. Brings great long ball power to National League. Considered superior receiver.	**CATCHER**	**YOGI BERRA,** New York (.286)—Has caught every inning of past four games, played in last six. Very good power, especially tough in clutch but, as in case of opposite number Campanella, All-Star record doesn't sbow it: only thraa bits, no runs batted in, .158 average. Once considered clumsy behind tbe plate, he is now rated exceptional receiver witb a fine arm.

SQUAW VALLEY

continued from page 31

"That was important," said Cushing later. "It established the idea that a little place like Squaw could have a world championship."

At St. Moritz, too, he met the Rome Bureau chief of the Chicago *Daily News*, George Weller, who was appalled at Cushing's bland confidence in singlehandedly going after the games. Before many more hours had passed, however, Weller, too, was under the Cushing spell and found himself volunteering to get a leave from his newspaper to help put Squaw Valley across.

From tben on the steam roller was moving with speed and power. "George was marvelous," says Cushing with obvious admiration. "He speaks four or five languages; but most of all he knows bow Europeans think."

Togetber they mapped out the third stage of the campaign, which included an appearance at Mexico City in March for the Pan-American Games, where they met more people and spread more quiet good will.

"We appealed to them on the fair-play basis," said Cushing. "We pointed out how often Europe had had the Olympic Games."

Back in California the two worked up a handsome brochure—broadly illustrated and carefully written by Weller—that included everything from an invitation from Governor Knight himself to snowfall averages over the past 60 years. It also presented with clarity but restraint the advantages of *not* holding the games at Chamonix, Garmisch, Davos, etc., and was in itself almost enough to convince a stern doubter that there was no home for the 1960 games if not at Squaw.

Witb the brochure set up, Weller made a six-week tour of South and Central America, talking Squaw Valley into the ears of all tbe Latin American delegates to the IOC. While he was gone, the lower house in California finally approved the $1 million appropriation, so the money was now Cushing's if he could only get the games. In May the money moved closer wben Cushing got the nod from the National Ski Association to hold the 1956 U.S. Alpine championships at Squaw Valley.

Tbus armed, and accompanied by Marshall Haseltine, an old friend with years of training in diplomacy and a command of French superior even to Weller's, tbe two campaigners beaded for the final battle in Paris. Following them in another plane came a $3,000 12-foot-by-6-foot relief model of Squaw Valley. Cushing and Co. were loaded for bear.

"We set that model up," Cushing explained, "in an embassy building four doors down from where the other resorts had their exhibits and where the IOC met. The other exhibits were much smaller and all jammed together. And the 15 minutes it took a delegate to walk to see our model gave us time alone with him we'd never have gotten otherwise. Without that model we'd never have done it. Actually, too, it was the speech that did it."

He meant the final arguments presented before the committee.

"I gave the speech," he added. "Haseltine introduced me in French, then I spoke in English and finally he summed it up in French. That's when I thought we were in. When we first arrived in Paris, all the Europeans thought they could afford to be nice to us. When they finally found out how strong we were, it was too late."

However, on the last climactic day, the European resorts mustered their forces, and before the first ballot the meeting degenerated into bitter shouting war.

"It was damned exciting," Cushing recalled. "They were yelling and stamping their feet, and over it all you could hear the Russians yelling *'Nyet, nyet.'"*

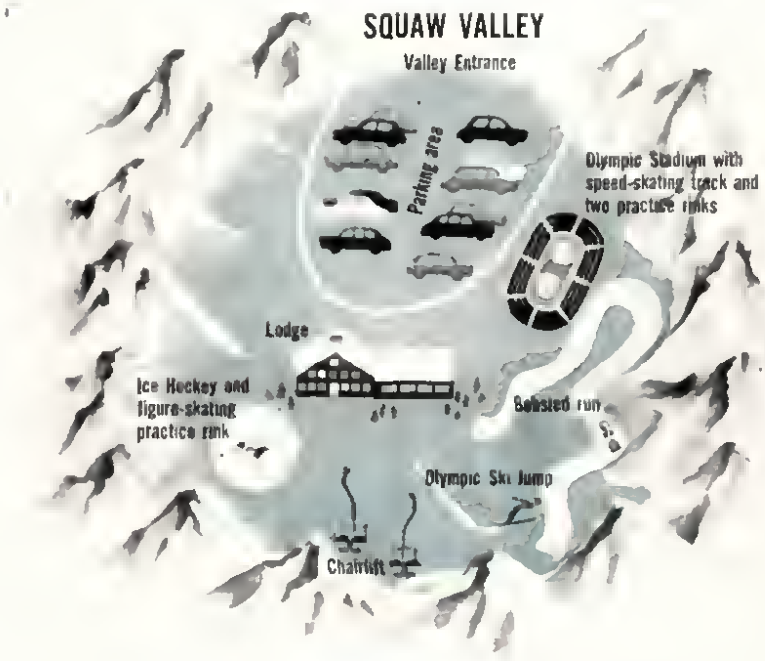
During the furor, however, one European made an attack on Squaw Valley so hitter it actually swung some sympathy back to Cushing. And Cushing's reply to the attack was another masterpiece of oratory.

Squaw Valley needed a majority of the 62 votes to win. On the first ballot they failed. Only 30 votes were counted in favor of Cushing.

"I think it was three guys who arrived at the last minute who beat us," he said. "One was a Rumanian—Iron Curtain, so he was automatically against the United States. Another was a Pakistani. We thought we had him all wrapped up, but *he* voted against us. The other guy was a Greek, I think. He wasn't feeling well. We went and visited him on his sickbed. But he got himself to the meeting, and *he* voted against us."

There were 10 minutes between ballots—no time for more persuasion. But Cushing's oratory had a delayed-action effect, and two Europeans came into line behind Squaw Valley. On the second ballot it was all over. Squaw had the 1960 games—and $1 million for improvements that would stand long after the last Olympic athlete departed.

Pleased as he was with getting the bid, Cushing could not afford to loaf, nor did he seem inclined toward leisure.



THE OLYMPIC LAYOUT, as projected for 1960, includes two separate skating rinks, a bobsled run, a ski jump, and parking accommodations for 10,000 cars. With a $1 million grant from the California legislature, Cushing has already hired Louis Saint-Calbre of France to design the bob run, will start clearing ground for the ski jump in the fall.

At 41, and with the fattest plum in his world stuffed in his pocket, Cushing will soon be heading back to Squaw. Besides his Olympic building program, he will have his hands full operating Squaw Valley as a summer resort, with the chair lift open to sightseers and the Lodge open to anyone who wants to spent some quiet days in the rugged beauty of the High Sierra.

Even in success, however, Alec Cushing is still given to moody introspection, to times of almost insufferable rudeness, as unwitting as they are incomprehensible. Once he walked away from a local resident in the middle of a sentence and the man has still to forgive him. A member of his staff has told him bluntly: "I don't know why you advertise this place, Alec. If people do come here, you won't speak to them." But now the staff member says: "Things are much better; but Alec hasn't changed. We have. We've learned to understand him now."

HOME SWEET HOT DOG

And the Cushing family has learned to get along with its strange new surroundings. Alec and his wife and their three daughters (when the oldest, Justine, isn't away at boarding school) still live in the madeover hot dog stand and still haven't got around to building more commodious quarters. Now, however, Justine Cushing goes east only once or twice a year, is delighted to get back to Squaw Valley, where she skis every day all winter long. The Cushings' youngest daughter, Alexandra *(see p.30)*, now 6, learned to ski when she was 2 and last winter became good enough to make it down from the first off-loading platform, a third of the way up the main lift. This winter she is aiming even higher.

Her father will have little chance to admire her progress. For a resort owner who just got the Olympic bid can expect a big jump in business. And on Thanksgiving, the Olympic program notwithstanding, Squaw Valley will open up for its regular winter season, catering to a weekend crowd of 3,000 skiers. His operating profits from the regular operation will be about $100,000. Thanks to the California legislature, there will probably be no new debts from the upcoming construction. And by the time of the world bobsled meet in 1958, exactly 10 years after his work crews first began hacking at the Sierra wilderness and nine years after that miserable first Thanksgiving weekend, Alec Cushing will have one of the biggest, newest and finest ski resorts in the world. END



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HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 35

he shook hands with all of us and thanked us very much. Then he went on to say that the Happy Knoll Country Club was beginning to mean more and more to him each hour and minute. He was beginning to love everyone in Happy Knoll. The truth was that men at Happy Knoll understood they had to stick together. He did not want to interrupt us because he knew we were busy and at the end of 10 minutes he left in a very gentlemanly way.

Hank Stevens raised the question, as soon as Mr. Byles had left, as to who had proposed him for the club, and no one at the moment could remember. Then Hank said, as he usually does at our meetings, that something more should be done about "alerting" the Membership Committee. Then Tom Gaspell said that we should remember that we were trying to increase, not decrease, the membership of Happy Knoll. Without a new drive and a substantial increase in dues, how could we add to the watering system on the golf course and build two new tennis courts and employ a swimming instructor and improve the squash courts? Happy Knoll was a recognized and integral part of our suburban community. The community was growing and attracting newer and livelier types each year and there was nothing wrong with this new member, Byles, except that he had gone to sleep and sleep was a physical necessity for everyone at some time or other. And by the way, before the meeting came to order, did anybody know about Mr. Byles' financial status, because if he loved everything so much he might be able to help with the deficit?

Then Bob Lawton took the floor before he was invited. I don't know how well you know Bob Lawton, but I personally don't think he should ever have been put on the Board of Governors. He is another of our advertising executives and consequently full of what he calls constructive and positive ideas. He said he knew Bert intimately, but then Bob Lawton knows everybody intimately. Bert had a lovely wife and two lovely young children who attended the Country Day School with his and Mrs. Lawton's own children, as he put it. They had purchased a new house in the new development on Partridge Hill Road. Bert, he believed, was managing some accounts for Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, or some firm in that category, but he would doubt whether Bert was in the $20,000 bracket as yet.

At this point Bill Jonas interrupted and I was very glad to have him.

"Then what are we wasting our time talking about him for?" Bill said. "We haven't got all night and we've got a lot of problems here. And the first one is that the deficit for our fiscal year is $15,000. How are we going to pay it?"

I know exactly what you are going to say, and it echoes the remarks of other Governors. You are going to say, how is it possible that this year's deficit could have risen so substantially above that of last year's, when last year's was the highest deficit in the history of the Happy Knoll Country Club? You know Bill Jonas. He always has the facts and figures and he produced a number immediately. I shall name only a few items.

Casual breakage at dances and other entertainments during the year, $1,500. Casual breakage is somewhat hard to define. I gather it means damage not anticipated in the budget and losses which cannot be traced to careless individual members. For example, if a chair in the Card Room collapses because someone unduly corpulent falls upon it violently, as happened four times last year, it is hard to blame either the chair or the player since our furniture is not as young as it used to be. Then there is the new flagstone terrace. Glass and china fall on it inevitably and the terrace unfortunately is situated near the new coeducational bar.

A settlement of the foundations under the kitchen, $4,800. You may remember we have been warned about this for the last 25 years. The warning finally came true the night before the Annual Dinner.

New floor for the Golf House, completely worn out by spiked shoes, $1,500.

Addition to the Professional's guarantee, $1,500. We can either pay this or lose Benny Muldoon, and you wouldn't want to let this happen, would you? Frankly, Benny has not been the same since he reached the third round of the National Open. You may recall I advised against getting a purse together and sending him there. The Hard Hollow Country Club has been after him ever since in a very aggressive and unsportsmanlike manner, and though Benny says he hates to make the change, he has two children and Mrs. Muldoon is expecting again.

It also seems there is a new kind of cutworm on the greens, but I shall not bother you about that. The fact remains that the deficit is $15,000. It was agreed that we would have to pay it somehow.

As I have said before, I don't know how well you know our new member on the Board of Governors, Bob Lawton, but I must say that he did come up with an amazing suggestion.

"Mr. Jonas," he said (it is nice to know that he still knows his place and still calls Bill Mr. Jonas), "of course I am speaking only off the top of my head, but this concept might have some validity. Has anyone given any serious thought, taxwise, to making Happy Knoll a tax-exempt institution? Of course I am only thinking out



loud and at random but such a situation would encourage potential dollars, contributionwise, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it certainly would, Mr. Lawton," Bill Jonas said. "Have you got any thoughts from the top of your head as to how to make the Happy Knoll Country Club a tax exemption, taxwise?"

"I have no mature thoughts at the moment," Bob Lawton said, "because, very frankly, I am merely throwing out ideas for the rest of you gentlemen to kick around. But could there not be some way to set up the Happy Knoll Country Club as an educational institution?"

"How's that one again, Mr. Lawton?" Bill Jonas said.

"It surprises you, doesn't it?" Bob Lawton said, and he laughed in a very engaging manner. "Quite frankly, it surprises me too, now that I have tossed it off, but quite seriously, all good ideas are surprises at their inception, Mr. Jonas, before they are kicked around."

"All right," Bill Jonas said, "let's kick it around, Mr. Lawton. I don't see seriously, as you say, how we can turn Happy Knoll Country Club as of this present date into a university."

"And if we could," I said, "it would have to be coeducational."

I thought this would close the subject, but then perhaps you don't know Bob Lawton.

"Now we're getting somewhere," Lawton said. "In my opinion there should be more women and children participation in the Happy Knoll Country Club than exists at present, and I have some rather interesting ideas on the subject."

"God Almighty," Tom Gaspell said, "do you mean we ought to open a nursery school?"

"It really seems to me," Bob Lawton said, "that you have just made a very real contribution, Mr. Gaspell. A great many of the younger gals around here would appreciate leaving their children under supervised care so that they could brush up seriously on their golf and tennis and bridge. I can assure you that Mrs. Lawton would appreciate it, and when you come to think of it, why isn't a good bridge course educational?"

Bill Jonas looked for a few moments at Mr. Lawton. I know you admire Bill Jonas as much as I do, Albert. There always has to be someone to pull things together, and Bill Jonas generally can.

"Well now, Mr. Lawton," he said, "I find your suggestion interesting and I'm going to speak off the top of my head too. Very frankly, Mr. Lawton, this is one of the damndest and one of the most daring concepts that I've ever heard advanced on these premises. It almost makes me believe that the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club is on its way to joining the ranks of the intelligentsia, and don't think for a moment I'm speaking in the spirit of irony, Mr. Lawton, because I am not. I am very frankly impressed by your idea, if not taxwise, otherwise. I am an older man than you, Mr. Lawton, but not so old as to have been responsible for naming this place Happy Knoll. However, when I first joined here, this club had only a nine-hole golf course; the club house was only a three-room unfinished building; there was no automobile problem, only a shed in which to tie up horses. Old Angus in the golf shop made his own woods and fitted hickory shafts to the irons. This obviously dates me, and we've grown since then but in all those years I have never heard anyone advance your concept, Mr. Lawton.

"You are quite right, the Happy Knoll Country Club is indeed an educational institution. It is a laboratory of manners and social philosophy and more damn things happen here than any place I know. God bless America for being able to supply places like Happy Knoll where we can express ourselves freely and kick ideas around. I am glad you have brought up this point, Mr. Lawton. Frankly, I have learned more at Happy Knoll than I ever did at Dartmouth. If Dartmouth is tax-exempt, so ought Happy Knoll to be, and President Eisenhower as a golfer should be interested. Yet, as a tax lawyer, Mr. Lawton, I can tell you that unfortunately there is no justice in Washington. They don't understand in the Bureau of Internal Revenue that the country club is a great American institution, yes, perhaps our greatest contribution to this century and now, Mr. Lawton, if it's all the same to you, let's not come up with any more creative thoughts, but let us come to the business of this meeting. How are we going to pay the deficit?"

Well, Albert, there are economists, usually ones loyal to the Fair Deal, who tell us that financial health can be attained by consistently spending more than we make because all that we spend goes back into the economy. If this is true, the Happy Knoll Country Club is surely in a very healthy condition. The upshot of the meeting was that we must pay the deficit as we have before, not by raising the dues, but by asking a few loyal members to make an extra contribution. I have been deputed to inform you personally that you are down for $2,000. Please send it as soon as possible so that you may have a happy summer at Happy Knoll, thinking of how you have added to the happiness of so many.

With all best wishes for a happy vacation,

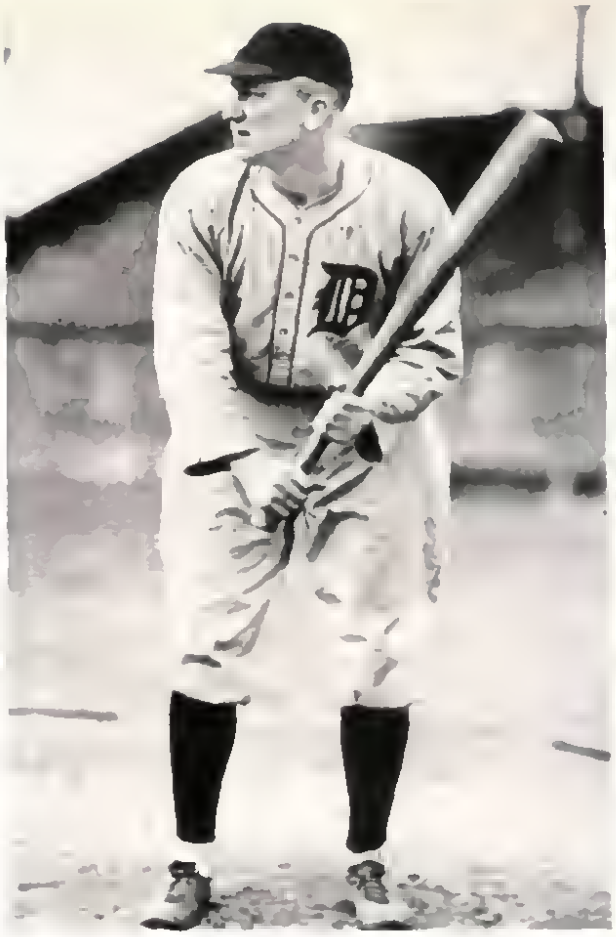
As ever yours,
Roger Horlick



"I think I've noticed something. When he jabs your nose and crosses his right to your jaw and then left hooks you in the stomach, he leaves himself wide open."

YESTERDAY

ANTIQUE IN ERUPTION



In his 20th year in the big leagues Ty Cobb (right) broke loose one day to set a new batting record

IN 1905 a brash young outfielder came up to the Detroit Tigers from Augusta of the South Atlantic League and proceeded to stand the American League on its head. Twenty years later, when it might be supposed that his efforts would be confined to occasional pinch-hitting chores and advice to nonhitting rookies, he set a modern record for total bases in a ball game.

It wasn't particularly out of character because the player was T. Raymond Cobb.

On Tuesday, May 5, 1925 the Tigers took on the St. Louis Browns, who still retained some of the glory of their great 1922 team.

Joe Bush for the Browns and Hubert (Dutch) Leonard for the Tigers were tha starting pitchers in a game that was to see 22 runs scored and 31 base bits against the inept tossing of nine hurlers, six of whom toiled for Player-Manager Sisler's St. Louis club.

Detroit was off with a three-run burst in the first frame that included Player-Manager Cobb's first homer of the afternoon. There is no doubt that he trotted out to his center-field position with the happy feeling that he and his team had made an auspicious start towards a pleasant afternoon.

But the Browns weren't ready to call it a day and tore into Leonard for four runs and a one-run lead. Girding up his ancient loins, Ty led hia forces in a counterattack in the second frame to knock out Bush and hatter his successor, Elam Vangilder, for five runs, including Cobb's second homer.

The Tigers scored once in the third, and again in the fourth, while Leonard had steadied to hold the enemy at bay. In the fifth the Browns proceeded to bash Leonard with giddy abandon. Dutch went; Holloway came, walked a man and departed in favor of Wells, who finally got things under control. The damage was four runs, and Detroit's lead had shrunk to 10–8. They increased this to 11–8 with a run in the sixth.

Cobb, since his second homer, had lashed out two singles and one double. He strode to the plate in the eighth inning, had himself a look at Pitcher Gaston's wares, picked out one to his liking and whaled it into the stands for his third round-tripper of the game.

With the aid of another run in the ninth and Wells's shutout hurling, the Tigers closed it out for a 14–8 victory, and the press box statisticians totted up the figures.

In addition to the 12 bases on his three homers, the 39-year-old Georgia Peach had two singles and one double for six hits in six times up, four runs scored, and 16 total bases. This constituted a modern record for total bases in a ball game, for Lowe and Delahanty had hit their four homers and one single (17 bases) in 1894 and 1896 respectively, in the ancient days of the game.

Cobb's record has been tied by several big leaguers since that brilliant day in the dusk of his career and it stood until 1950 when Brooklyn's Gil Hodges hit four homers and a single for 17 bases. Last year Joe Adcock of the Milwaukee Braves hit for 18 bases by whacking out four home runs and one double.

There were two home-run kings on the field the day of Cobb's outburst: Ken Williams of St. Louis who took the honors in 1922 with 39, and Cobb himself who led the American League in 1909 with nine. END



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July 8 through July 17

FRIDAY, JULY 8

Auto Racing
Alpine Rally, Marseilles to Cannes, France.

Boxing
Sandy Saddler vs. Shigeji Kaneko, featherweights, Tokyo (10 rds., nontitle).

Harness racing
The Titan, $10,000, 1 m., free-for-all trot, Goshen, N.Y.
Governor's Cup, $10,000, 1 m., free-for-all trot, Northville, Mich.

SATURDAY, JULY 9

Auto Racing
Leinster Trophy Road Race, Formula I & sports cars, Leinster, Eire

Baseball
● New York vs Brooklyn, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS*).
● Milwaukee vs. Cincinnati, County Stadium, Milwaukee 1:25 p.m. C.S.T. (Mutual*).

Golf
U.S. Public Links tournament, Coffin Municipal GC, Indianapolis (until July 16).

Horse Racing
● Brooklyn Handicap, $50,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds
● up, Aqueduct, N.Y. 4:15 p.m. (ABC)
Michigan Mile, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds up, Detroit.
Westerner, $50,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
Arlington Lassie, $50,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill.
Molly Pitcher Handicap $25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up f & m, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport N.J.

Lawn Bowling
American Lawn Bowling Assn. Central Division tournament, Chicago (until July 13)

Motorboating
Block Island 104-m. predicted log race, New York

Sailing
Great Lakes Thistle championships, Rochester, N.Y. (also July 10)

Swimming
Natl. AAU jr. men's 800-meter freestyle, Rockford, Ill. (also July 10)

Track
Jubilee Week 10-m. road race, Portsmouth, N.H.

SUNDAY, JULY 10

Baseball
● New York vs. Brooklyn, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*).
European championship finals, Barcelona.

Golf
St. Paul Open final, St. Paul, Minn.
Michigan PGA, Dwosso, Mich.

Handball
World championship finals, Dortmund, Germany.

Motorboating
Kingston Regatta, Rondout Creek, Kingston, N.Y.

Rowing
Mid-Hudson Regatta, Poughkeepsie N.Y.

Tennis
USLTA jr. hard court finals, Burlingame, Calif.
Western Tri-State finals, Cincinnati.

MONDAY, JULY 11

Boxing
● Tony Anthony vs Tony Johnson, light heavyweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
Ralph Dupas vs Paddy DeMarco, lightweights, Municipal Auditorium, New Orleans (10 rds.)

Golf
Ohio State Amateur, Zanesville CC, Ohio (until July 16)

Horse Racing
Modesty Handicap (turf), $20,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, f & m. Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill.
Champlain Handicap, $15,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, f & m, Saratoga-at-Jamaica, Jamaica, N.Y.

Rodeo
Calgary Stampede, Calgary, Alta. (until July 16)

Sailing
366-m. ocean race, Manchester, Mass.-to-Halifax, N.S.

Tennis
USLTA clay court championships, Atlanta, Ga. (until July 17)

TUESDAY, JULY 12

Auto Racing
Circuit of Champions 100-lap race, Fresno, Calif.

Baseball
● All-Star Game, County Stadium, Milwaukee, 1:15
● p.m. C.S.T. (NBC-TV, Mutual radio)

Boxing
Jimmy Soo vs Curly Monroe, lightweights, Boston Arena (10 rds.).

Horse Racing
Hollywood Lassie Stakes, $25,000, 5½ f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Sailing
One Ton Cup Intl. Gotland Races, Intl. Cup Races, Sandhamn, Sweden

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13

Boxing
● Ezzard Charles vs Paul Andrews, heavyweights,
● Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Golf
French Open championship, Chantilly (until July 15)

Harness Racing
Old Country, $15,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old trotters, Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y.

Horse Jumping
German natl. championships, Hamburg (until July 17)

Horse Racing
New Jersey Futurity, $15,000, 5½ f., 2-yr.-olds (Jersey foaled), Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J.
Ascot Gold Cup, 2½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Ascot Heath, England.

THURSDAY, JULY 14

Archery
N.Y. State Target championship, Garden City, N.Y. (until July 16)

Auto Racing
Circuit of Champions 100-lap race, Sacramento, Calif.

Golf
Miller $35,000 Open, Blue Mound CC, Milwaukee (until July 17)
Ladies PGA championship, Orchard Ridge CC, Ft. Wayne, Ind. (until July 17)

Harness Racing
Roosevelt Trot, $35,000, 1½ m., free-for-all, Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y.

Rodeo
Salinas Rodeo, Salinas, Calif. (until July 17).

Sailing
Virginia Cruising Cup, Hampton YC, Annapolis, Md. (until July 17)
Prince of Wales Cup, Seaview, England.

Tennis
England vs. Italy, Davis Cup elimination, Edgbaston, England

FRIDAY, JULY 15

Auto Racing
Circuit of Champions 100-lap race, San Jose, Calif.

Baseball
● Cleveland vs. New York, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Bicycling
1,000-m. amateur circuit of Britain (until July 23)

Harness Racing
American Pacing Derby, $26,000, 1 m., free-for-all, Vernon Downs, N.Y.
The Adios, $15,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old pacers, Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y.

Swimming
Natl. AAU jr. men's 200-meter individual medley & jr. women's 1,500-meter freestyle, Tyler, Tex.

Tennis
Australia vs. Mexico, Davis Cup elimination, Saddle & Cycle Club, Chicago (until July 17).

Track & Field
British AAA championships, White City Stadium, London (also July 16)

SATURDAY, JULY 16

Auto Racing
British Grand Prix, Aintree circuit, Liverpool, England
NASCAR 100-m. race, Altamont, N.Y.
AAA 150-m. stock engine race, Milwaukee

Baseball
● Brooklyn vs. Cincinnati, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)
● Detroit vs. New York, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Harness Racing
Governor's Cup Pace, $12,000, 1 m., free-for-all, Sportsman's Pk., Cicero, Ill.

Horse Racing
Hollywood Gold Cup, $100,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
Arlington Classic, $100,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill.
King Georga VI & Queen Elizabeth Stakes, $70,000, 1½ m., 3 yr.-olds up, Ascot Heath, England
● Wilson Handicap $20,000 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up,
● Saratoga-at-Jamaica, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC*)
Omnibus Handicap, $15,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J.

Motorboating
Greenwich Power Squadron predicted log race, Greenwich, Conn.
Intl. cruiser race, Bellingham Bay, Wash. to Genoa Bay, Victoria, B.C.

Rowing
Natl. championships, Philadelphia (also July 17).

Sailing
Larchmont Race Week, Larchmont, N.Y. (until July 23)
Chicago to Mackinac Race, Lake Michigan.
Miller Memorial Series, Gibson Island, Md. (also July 17)
Midwest Lightning championships, Shore YC, Chicago (also July 17).

Swimming
Natl. AAU rough-water swim, Mission Beach, Calif.

Track & Field
Mediterranean Games, Barcelona (until July 25).

SUNDAY, JULY 17

Auto Racing
SCCA races, Santa Clara, Calif.

Baseball
● New York vs. Milwaukee, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Motorcycling
AMA-sanctionad 50-m. natl. championship road race Windber, Pa.

Sailing
Bermuda Cup, Quincy, Mass.

Swimming
Natl. AAU jr. men's 400-meter freestyle, Pasco, Wash.

*See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMEHTS

2, 10-12—drawings by Arby 13—Sport & General 19—Keystone Press 20, 21—European 22—David Potts 23—Australian Official Photo by W. Brindle, David Potts 24, 25—top, Jonnie Wilson, bottom, Hy Peskin 28, 30, 31—Bob Luckenbach 29—map by Leslie Jacobs 32—Marvin Newman 34—Barney Stein 35—drawings by Jan Balet 40—drawings by Grambs Miller 42—AP 43—Richard Meek 44—drawings by James Conaway 46, 47—Brion Seed, Fox Photos, London, Brion Seed 131 49—drawings by Paul Peck, 50, 51—INP 52—drawings by Leslie Jacobs; 62—The Detroit News 63—George Fremgult.

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

A SPOT OF SUNLIGHT

Sirs:

Your recent articles on boxing promoters Norris and D'Antoni support the great mass of evidence pointing to boxing as one of the most corrupt, unsavory, criminal, dishonest "sports" of all time.

Congratulations on your forthright reporting. It must dismay you, as sports lovers, to have to report and record such sordid facts.

Keep up the good work. Additional articles of the type you have done on the "big" men of boxing can help to bring sunlight into a dark spot.

JOHN P. SWANSON

Glen Head, N.Y.

THE NEST EGG AND I

Sirs:

I am so appalled at your (ugh) article, *Subject: Blaise D'Antoni* (SI, June 27), that I am quite speechless, which may I assure you is *very* seldom. On counting, I found D'Antoni used the pronouns "I" or "my" 120 times, "money" or a specific sum 42 times. If the love of "me-I" and "money" means the life of a "cultured" man, I'm glad my husband brings home a $66.82 paycheck each week.

RUTHANNE FARMER

Oakland, Calif.

JUNGLE INVASION

Sirs:

After reading the excellent story by Robert H. Boyle on Blaise D'Antoni, I guess it would be pretty hard to say what the New Orleans promoter, with his unlimited funds, would do next. Tell me, though, did he buy his 11-year-old daughter 15 real leopards, or those of the toy variety? At first reading, one would think they were the latter, but doesn't the possibility exist that D'Antoni is equipping his boxing jungle for an invasion by the lions and tigers from other sections of the country?

PETER BRANDWEIN

New York

● When D'Antoni told his daughter to "go and play with the leopards," he was merely telling her to run off and play with the stuffed, or F.A.O. Schwartz, species.—ED.

BIG BOFFO

Sirs:

Can't remember when I've enjoyed a story as much as the one SI ran entitled *Subject: Blaise D'Antoni*. Laughed for almost three days.

HARRY DEL GRANOE

San Francisco

IN HIS STEPS

Sirs:

About Bannister's literary work (SI, June 20, 27): I think it was great. I have run the mile on occasion, and from Bannister's description, I was able to live every step of his two greatest races with him. Anyone who has not run a competitive mile just doesn't realize what the runner goes through—the mental punishment is far worse than the physical punishment. In my opinion, Bannister did an excellent job of describing his mental tortures and the great lift he got from victory.

BILL JIMESON

Baltimore

RUNNER AND WRITER

Sirs:

I am indeed indebted to SI for printing Roger Bannister's autobiography a remarkable piece of writing by an amazing young man. . . .

EDMUND S. CARPENTER

Milwaukee

RUNAWAY BEST SELLER

Sirs:

It would be a marked understatement to say that Roger Bannister's story offered both enjoyment and inspiration, for it offered the ultimate in both. I do not believe that anyone who failed to receive an inspiration from Bannister's writings could profess to be a true sports fan, much less a track fan.

Bannister's feats are even more awesome when you stop to realize that he is one of the few true amateurs in this era of high-pressure, win-or-else sports. I believe that all athletes would do well to heed Bannister's ideas and ideals.

The only regret that I have is that when Bannister became an autobiographer he also became a professional athlete, removing any possibility of his ever again participating in amateur athletics. Thus the sports world has lost a great champion but has gained a sportsman and author who will serve as an inspiration and guide to all athletes.

JIM BARBER

Norfolk, Va.

● Roger Bannister, SI's Sportsman of the Year, announced his retirement from all competitive running several months before completing his autobiography.—ED.

THE FAN IN THE CORNER

Sirs:

I read with much enthusiasm your article on "Williams' Corner" in SI (E & D, July 4).

It certainly makes a small-town fellow feel pretty good when he reads his name in a magazine such as yours.

FRANCIS A. MORIARTY

Hopkinton, Mass.

continued on next page



"Poppycock!"

19th HOLE *continued from page 65*

WHAT, NO PENMANSHIP?

Sirs:

We are pleased to read that you have been in correspondence with two registered Morgan horses (19th HOLE, June 27), but we are not surprised, as Morgans are world famous for their versatility. The forthcoming National Morgan Horse Show at Northampton, Mass. does not include any classes in penmanship, but it will illustrate the accomplishments of this amazing breed of horse. Each horse must perform all the class requirements (and it is remarkable that a show horse can run a quarter-mile, trot a quarter-mile and pull a weighted stoneboat like any common draft horse).

Morgans are primarily a family horse, due to their steady dispositions, easy keeping qualities and the ability to do anything, including reading SI and writing letters to the editors.

SUSAN P. ANNIS

Ashland, Mass.

● We will be in Northampton July 29th to get it straight from the horse's mouth.—ED.

NO. 1 GUEST

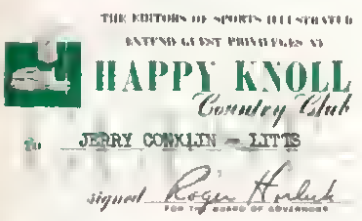
Sirs:

May I be one of the first to receive a guest card to Happy Knoll Country Club?

JERRY CONKLIN-LITTS

Highland, N.Y.

● Jerry Conklin-Litts is hereby extended Guest Membership No. 1 (*see cut*).—ED.



NOT FOR EVERY TOM, DICK AND JERRY

VITRIOL AT HAPPY KNOLL

Sirs:

John Marquand certainly drove a long straight one off the first tee at Happy Knoll (SI, June 27). Looks like he is going to beat par on the new course.

Haven't enjoyed his particular brand of sapid vitriol so much since those two pieces he wrote some years ago about the winter colony in the Bahamas.

H. E. HARRINGTON

Southborough, Mass.

● For another savory serving of Marquand vitriol, see page 35.—ED.

WOODEN NICOLLS?

Sirs:

Your magazine is required reading in our home, where my eldest son and I discuss it at length.

A question, please. In the June 20 Ben Hogan article Miss Dreyspool quotes Ben as referring to certain clubs as "Nickels." Wasn't Hogan referring to the fine old line of wooden-shafted Butchart-Nicholl irons? If so, your copy desk needs an old gaffer or two to Remember When. If not, my apology.

WHIT HILLYER

Chicago

● Neither Nickels nor Nicholls, those clubs were made by George Nicoll of Leven, Scotland.—ED.

ROBERT T. AND ROBERT TRENT

Sirs:

In SI's April 4 Masters Preview, Bobby Jones, the golfer, was listed as the architect of the Masters. That, I think, is clear, but then in your National Open preview (SI, June 20) there was an article by Robert Trent Jones, who made the course tough. What confuses me is the fact that both articles call their Joneses, Robert T. Jones, except that in the Open preview it was Robert Trent and not just the initial. Could you please help clear this up for me with a little information on the two (provided that two is correct)? Are they both architects?

DICK BEZANSON

Eau Claire, Wisc.

● Robert Tyre Jones Jr. is Bob Jones, the championship golfer of the 1920s. SI referred to him and to Clifford Roberts as the architects of the Masters Tournament (that is, as the men who built the tournament into the classic it has become). Robert Trent Jones is the noted architect of golf courses, who rebuilt the Olympic Club course at San Francisco for this year's Open. The two men are friends, and worked together in improving the 11th and 16th holes at Bob Jones's Augusta National course. They are resigned to the confusion sometimes caused by the similarity of their names—ED.

MESSRS. WIDENER, SWOPE AND THE $2 BETTOR

Sirs:

A belated letter, inasmuch as this comes from the Land of the Midnight Sun, but I can't help commenting on the recent articles and subsequent letters about one of my favorite sports, horse racing.

First there was an article about the projected changes in Belmont Park (SI, April 25) and a little later (May 9) HOTBOX dealt with the best and worst tracks in the country. The Messrs. Widener and Swope and the Westchester Racing Association should have looked this over very carefully.

However, the two-dollar bettor might do well to read those articles over also. Jockey Glassner was brash enough to call a spade a spade when he said Dade Park was the worst. I worked with a string of 32 head there in '38 (Dr. C. N. Finch) and during the 30-day meet wound up with eight lame horses shipped to the farm with bowed tendons. You'll note the majority of the jocks picked Belmont the best for the very reasons the management is considering changing: large wide turns, no crowding, plenty of racing room, etc. The Widener Chute gives the little guy in the stands the best run for his money and is the best training ground for 2-year-olds in the country. I've seen fields of 24 or more green horses pound down that stretch unhampered and untried to pay off at no more than 6 or 8 to 5 because the public had faith in the type of track and in the conditions under which they were running.

If these so-called improvements go into effect, Belmont may end up with two half-mile ovals (one under lights, no doubt) with hard surfaces to get more speed records (the public of today seems to be getting record happy). The mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes may go out as a result of this demand. Considered strictly old school, it may be revised to two $\frac{3}{4}$-mile events (both add up to 12 furlongs and twice as much betting, you see).

Congratulations on your wonderful magazine; it's the most popular thing of its kind in the outfit. The complete coverage reaches everybody and the mature manner of writing is more than appreciated.

SFC. ROBERT WINTER

Alaska

ENTER SPEAR CARRIER

Sirs:

I've been reading SI for many months now but I can't recall seeing any articles or pictures on spearfishing. I never knew anything about this fascinating sport until I accompanied Mr. Jerome Hines, basso of the Metropolitan Opera, and his wife on a trip to North Carolina.

Mr. Hines is quite the expert! These sheepshead (*see cut*) were caught off the "Huron" wreck at Nags Head, N.C.



JEROME HINES AND SHEEPSHEAD

Let's see more on spearfishing in future issues.

LYN RIKER

South Orange, N.J.

● Coming up!—ED.

MARY HAD A LITTLE RACKET

Sirs:

Please let me correct an all-too-common error which sends shudders down the spines of tennis players and racket stringers. Since finest quality lamb's gut is used in the stringing of rackets, I suggest that Glenn Pritchard's poem (SI, June 27) should be amended as follows:

BAAA!
A *lamb* watching tennis
Stars really whack it
Said, "Thank goodness
I'm not in that racket!"

JAMES L. COX

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

● Poetic license notwithstanding, the dictionary definition of *catgut* is: "a

tough cord made from the intestines of sheep," and even adds that there is no indication that catgut was ever made from cats.—ED.

SHARED EXPERIENCE

Sirs:

Because of that down-to-earth article about Archie Moore by William H. White (SI, June 20), the fight between Moore and Olson took on a human side.

When I read the article, I suffered along with Moore on that agonizing diet.

EDNA STEWART

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

LOOK, MA, WRONG HAND!

Sirs:

I am sending this letter by air mail to be among the first to inform you that Ken Rosewall "Australia's little left-hander" (SI, June 27) is a right-hander.

LEMAN S. BAKER

Texas City, Texas

● Right.—ED.

STOP, HOOK & SLICE

Sirs:

In your PAT ON THE BACK for Chick Evans of Golf, Ill. (SI, June 13) you say "Trains no longer stop at Golf." At least 20 trains stop each day which, of course, is why the railroad maintains the picturesque station shown in one of your photographs.

You wrote that on dedication day (May 20) "actually the engineer forgot [to stop], overshot the station, had to back up." He's forgiven you, since, as he acknowledges, there are things about editing not entirely clear to him. But he didn't overlook the orders the engine crews and train crews had received. Piloting the Olympian Hiawatha, the Milwaukee Road's Seattle-bound speedliner, he approached the unscheduled stopping place at a clip too fast for a comfortable stop and rather than apply the brakes too heavily he "ran by," then, protected by automatic signals and a sign from the rear brakeman, quickly backed the train, to the delight of the throng assembled on the station platform.

FRANK J. NEWELL

Chicago

● Golf is a scheduled stop for the Milwaukee Road's commuting trains. The through trains no longer stop there, as they formerly did, to let Chicago executives off for an afternoon round.—ED.

AMERICANS IN FRANCE

Sirs:

Captioning a photograph of Cunningham at Le Mans (SI, June 13), you state: "U.S. hopes for its first Le Mans victory will be riding again this year with Briggs Cunningham, whose third and fifth place with his C4R design last year was the best ever by a U.S. team."

The first American victory at Le Mans occurred in 1921. That year, Jimmy Murphy piloted his three-liter Duesenberg to first place at an average speed of 78.1 mph. Both car and driver were American. This success, incidentally, marked something of a turning point for everyone concerned. Returning home, Murphy won our own Indianapolis 500 in 1922.

I do not mean to imply that your mistake is an intentional affront to an outstanding car and driver. Your oversight, though, is no less pardonable when one recalls that your issue of February 14 contained a picture of Murphy and his mount during the same '21 Le Mans race that they won.

GORDON C. ACKERMAN

Albany, New York

● Murphy won a different race in 1921—the French Grand Prix, which was only 30 laps (321 miles) around the course at Le Mans. SI was referring to the Grand Prix of Endurance, which lasts 24 hours. It was run for the first time in 1923.—ED.

SPEED, SKILL & SAFETY

Sirs:

In the June 27 issue, Mr. Aldo Vittadini, writing from Italy, refers to the Indianapolis 500 as ". . . the crawling about that oval at speeds attainable by a reasonably good European family car . . ."

While such a statement was obviously made to underline Mr. Vittadini's views on the antiquity of our "brickyard," he goes rather too far. I shouldn't call the Bentley Continental merely a "*reasonably* good European family car", it is perhaps the most expensive and delicately assembled member of the fast touring category and certainly the ultimate link between "family" and authentic sports machinery. Yet this fabulous creation can hardly nudge the 129 mph mark, let alone *average* this pace for several hours, especially after a long period of enforced reduction in speed, such as the one which followed the Vukovich accident. Alfa Romeo? Pegaso? Mercedes? What other *marque* builds a 129 mph *family* car at any price, Mr. Vittadini?

The track at Indianapolis is no more outdated than Rheims, Monaco, Le Mans or any other. As another reader, Mr. Robert H. Hellmann, points out, the 1955 deaths (and probably most of any other high speed racing fatalities) could have occurred just as readily at 60 mph as at 160 mph. The relatively flat turns at Indianapolis require a technique at speed altogether different from that used on bobsled banked corners. The Indianapolis course stands unique. Routes hemmed in by shops and houses, or public roads also carrying normal traffic, are fairly common in Europe.

Brute power and speed can win only so much of a race; driving skill must sooner or later be taken into account. Any course has a maximum speed limitation and to ignore this invites disaster. But what is to be gained by making courses easier if driving ability is made less important and higher speeds are a foregone conclusion?

Possibly Mr. Albert D. Trager, who also comments on the 500, has a point in suggesting an engine formula attractive to European competition, but, more important, also drawing more attention to each driver's ability. Competition between driver and driver instead of between engine and metal fatigue ought to permit the use of tactics and strategy, and thus give a reason for the 500.

Make the driver-skill obvious enough and perhaps more fans will become enthusiastic about racing.

ROGER T. PATTERSON

Wantagh, N.Y.



"He knows he's being watched."

PAT ON THE BACK



LEARNING TO SWIM IN THREE HOURS

"Once a person is willing to put his face in the water and do the dead man's float, learning to swim is no problem," says Mrs. Phyl Williams (*left*) of Glens Falls, N.Y. To make her point, Mrs. Williams, who has taught 4,000 people to swim in the last 12 years, recently commandeered Ed and Jim Bagnell, 10-year-old identical twins neither of whom could swim a stroke. Using accepted Red Cross methods at a clinic for prospective water safety instructors at Brookline, N.H., Mrs. Williams condensed a normal six-hour instruction program, and in only three hours she had the Bagnell boys swimming 50 feet with acceptable overarm technique. The Red Cross hopes eventually to teach the rudiments of swimming to the estimated 90,000,000 Americans whose swimming is still not up to safety standards.



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